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PRESIDENT WILSON is entitled to ask of the country a suspension of judgment in relation to the sinking of the Persia until the facts have been established, but he must realize that the American nation will scarcely endure many more of these "grave situations" tempered by suspended judgments. The situation may be grave, but grave as it is, it will not look grave to attentive Americans. It will look ridiculous. They will ask whether the government will continue to hold inquests over the bodies of American dead which are being tossed about on the European seas, and if so, whether it proposes to play the part of the coroner's jury, the state's attorney or the policeman. They will ask whether the administration would not do better to interfere either more effectively or not at all. In the future, that is, Mr. Wilson will have to take into account not only the offense and the presumptive offender, but the effect of the series of offenses on public opinion. His fellow countrymen are beginning to feel either bored or impatient. Many of them would have been willing to play the part of policeman at the time the Lusitania was sunk, and to have clubbed the offender as a criminal is clubbed who resists arrest. Many of them would have been glad to repudiate all responsibility, and deny to Americans sailing on belligerent vessels, the protection of the American government. But no one will be satisfied with the acknowledgment by our government of an obligation to protect the lives of American citizens on belligerent vessels accompanied by the failure to extend protection. This business of being a coroner's jury in a maritime Hell's Kitchen is becoming unprofitable and obnoxious. If the American government cannot stop the killing and cannot arrest the killers, it can at least cease to negotiate with them and cease to accept ten per cent of apology and a hundred per cent of cash payment for American lives.

ESTIMATE of the probability of future trouble with the Central Powers over the submarine issue must take into account the following very probable facts. Austria will not abandon the use of submarines against mercantile vessels in the Mediterranean as completely as Germany abandoned it in the British and French seas. The Mediterranean is a body of water in which it will be much more difficult to hunt submarines than it was in the neighborhood of Great Britain. Through it is passing commerce essential to the welfare of France, Italy and Great Britain, and a stream of transports and munition vessels. The submarines are vulnerable pieces of mechanism. Their commanders are under such temptation to act quickly, silently and on insufficient information that as long as they are used as commerce destroyers, and as long as passenger vessels are indistinguishable from vessels transporting munitions and troops, mistakes are certain to occur. They could scarcely be avoided even though the submarines were commanded by men who would rather lose an opportunity to harm the enemy than take the lives of innocent non-combatants. They certainly will not be avoided by the type of submarine commanders who have recently been running amuck in the Mediterranean. In this case the Am-

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erican government cannot depend upon the assistance of the British fleet. The Ancona and the Persia will have successors. It is of the first importance that the administration should decide not merely what it will do to safeguard the lives of American citizens on belligerent vessels, but what the means are at its disposal, short of war, to make its dissatisfaction injurious to Austria or any similar offender. The policeman should look to his club.

AN inspired dispatch from Washington states the policy on which the plans of the Army War College and the Navy General Board are based. It is a frank avowal, of utmost importance:

> To develop a navy equal in strength to those of any two world Powers, except a combination including Great Britain, and an army prepared to fight for the integrity of the Pan-American idea anywhere in Pan-America is the ultimate aim of the plans of the military experts.

Let us be perfectly clear about this aim. What the "experts" have in mind is a navy greater than the combined fleets of Germany and Japan, and an army greater than the combined expeditionary forces which the two greatest military nations in the world might land anywhere in this hemisphere. The experts give us ten years in which to prepare these forces. Assuming that Japan and Germany would not make war against us unless they too were prepared, there ought to be a pretty little race of armaments in the next ten years, so that the "plans" of the experts will have to be increased still more. It might be that Japan and Germany will pick up another ally in these ten years, say Austria, whereupon the two-Power standard would become a three-Power standard. To recruit such a navy and such an army we should, "of course," have to adopt conscription; to pay for our defenses we should have to go in for taxation so wholesale that internal improvement would be out of the question; and at the end, when the hypothetical war in Chili or Brazil took place, we should probably be jolly well beaten. It is good that the experts have disclosed their aim, but why do they call it ultimate? It is an aim which means armament without limit. In other words it is a mad aim.

BUT the preparedness experts are not aiming at complete madness. They wish to arm against two Powers, but they specify that Great Britain is not to be one of them. Why do they exclude Great Britain? Is not Japan the ally of Great Britain? On what basis then do they assume British neutrality? Obviously on the ground that Anglo-American interests are close enough to prevent Britain from fighting us as the ally of Japan. And of course they are right. They know that war between the British Empire and the United States is unthinkable, otherwise they would be urging us to arm against Britain. But if war is unthinkable, if our interests lie so close together, isn't it the part of sanity to adjust our relations with Britain until we share with her the protection of this hemisphere? Great Britain has American interests. Canada is second only to the United States as an American Power. In South America British interests are greater even than ours. And if Japan is a menace to us she is equally a menace to Canada and Australia. In omitting Great Britain from the list of possible enemies in Pan-America, even the experts have shown the only way in which Pan-Americanism can be converted from supreme liability into a genuine international system. For true Pan-Americanism is a tripod which cannot stand on two legs alone. Only a combination of the Latin countries, the United States and Great Britain, that is to say, a combination of all the American Powers, can make it a safe and useful organization in the world to-day.

THE army and navy experts in their preparedness plans have merely produced the reductio ad absurdum of isolation. Their ideal is that thoughtless Pan-Americanism which dreams of a system of American republics free of all entangling alliances. The President expressed it in his message to Congress. Mr. John Barrett of the Pan-American Union uttered it in a recent speech. It is the dogma that Pan-America must stand alone and be prepared to defend itself against the world. For the United States it means that we should make friends with the weak but not with the strong, that we should assume endless responsibility for a hemisphere, but share that responsibility only with the weak Latin Powers. It is a Pan-Americanism which leads to disaster, and we can thank the experts for having exposed it. The isolation of continental United States would be bad enough, but Pan-American isolation is a blundering crime. It means, as the experts tell us, that the United States must be prepared to fight anywhere in this hemisphere against almost any combination of enemies.

WITH the vacancy made in the Supreme Court by the untimely death of Mr. Justice Lamar the President is obliged to face a domestic problem of extreme importance. The naming of a cabinet member is an easy and insignificant matter compared to the task of selecting one of the nine men who ultimately determine the limits of governmental movement. Never was it less true than to-day that the work of the Supreme Court is separated from the interests of the masses of Americans. Never was it more true that the decisions of that court intimately affect the common concerns of the

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entire nation. The issues pressing before it for solutions, and pressing in increasing number—the trust cases, review of rate regulations, the scope of the police power—are the vital issues in our social and economic life. For while England and Australia are hopefully experimenting with the minimum wage, we are still stricken by the paralysis of doubtful power. These are issues of national moment only in part to be decided by precedent, and their decision encourages or retards national growth. To a large degree their decision depends upon the kind of men who for the time sit on the bench. We do not mean that the justices have in the past or should now be selected because of their canvassed views on any specific question likely to come before the court. We do mean that the quality of mind and the range of vision of the occupants of the bench must necessarily affect their decisions, and that selection to the bench should be determined by these qualities of mind and vision. Compare, for instance, Mr. Justice McReynolds and Mr. Justice Hughes. Both are acutely conscientious judges. Both are extremely well equipped in the field of private law. The difference between them, and the difference is radical, is the difference between a mere lawyer and a statesman who is a lawyer. The quality that is preeminently needed is more than technical excellence as a lawyer. Important as that is, there is need, in the words of Woodrow Wilson, " of lawyers who are also statesmen, lawyers who can think in terms of society itself." Of the names thus far mentioned, Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, Secretary Lane, Mr. Frederick W. Lehman and Judge Julian Mack measure up to this requirement.

EX-PRESIDENT TAFT'S warning to the Republican party not to budge from the heroic mistakes which resulted in its defeat in 1912 is manifestly needed. The party has shown signs of being tempted into an aggressive attitude, of a disposition to go out and seize political power by making its candidates and its policy interesting to the people. Mr. Taft exposes the cheapness and vulgarity of such methods. The only tolerable policy of the Republicans is to resume the " die-but-never-surrender " attitude of 1912, which may bring with it defeat, but if so, defeat with honor. The Progressives who have returned to the Republican party did not, as Mr. Taft points out, attach any condition to their return. Those who are not ready to accept " regular Republicanism " can be alienated without difficulty, and should be alienated. Their heads are full of "fads," "isms" and ideas; they themselves have no place in a party which is indisposed to experiment. The most precious possession of Republicanism is its fund of immutable political principles. If its followers will remain true to these principles it makes little difference whether or not they carry the election. But Mr. Taft believes that loyalty to principle is the best way to carry the next election. Even though the Republicans are the party in opposition, they do not need to pander to the popular craving for vigorous leadership, or to seek votes by advocating new and dangerous policies. Let them remain glued to the platform of Protection, Prosperity and the Constitution, and the eager American people will rise spontaneously and thrust them back into the citadels of power.

A CORRESPONDENT commenting in another column on Mr. Hilaire Belloc's recent letter to THE NEW REPUBLIC repeats Mr. Belloc's comparison between what the Allies want to do to Germany and what the North did to the South during and after the Civil War. This comparison is so frequently and so plausibly made that it deserves consideration. The war between the North and the South was, of course, fought to a decisive result. The South was not only reduced to military " impotence," which is a danger incurred by any Power that seeks to settle a dispute by war, but it was forced to submit to the political will of its conquerors. It consented to the emancipation of its slaves and it returned to the Union. But the instance does not prove all our correspondents try to make it prove. It does not constitute a sufficient precedent for an attempt by the Allies to use a decisive military victory to reduce Germany to political impotence. The controversy between the North and the South originated in a specific difference of interest and conviction. The South fought for political independence because it realized that independence was necessary to negro bondage. It lost, and paid for its defeat by abandoning its project of independence and the associated institution of slavery. In other respects it merely resumed after the war its previous political condition. The states of the South and their citizens returned to the Union in full possession of their customary legal rights and immunities, their local political and economic opportunities. They lost the specific objects for which they had fought, but they did not lose anything more, except, of course, the inevitable loss of property due to the ravages of war. What we should like to see is a similar specification of the quarrel between the Allies and the Central Powers, and a similar limitation of the political penalties which are to be imposed on the vanquished. If the Allies seek to use a victory in any other way, they will be merely repeating Germany's mistake. They will be using military power to accomplish a political purpose so unjustifiable that it is bound sooner or later to provoke military resistance.

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The Dumping Delusion

IT is natural that many American industries should be concerned over the possible commercial readjustments that will follow the conclusion of peace. The destruction of the Belgian export trade, the blockade of Germany and Austria, the diversion of French and British energies to the prosecution of the war, and the high freight rates from the scanty remaining export territory, have given the American producer what is from his point of view ideal protection. The foreigner is in many fields excluded from our market. And behind this barrier of protection the tissue of our industry is growing soft. Economy is being sacrificed to output, wages are rising. In special cases, as that of the cotton industry, we are adjusting ourselves to a low price of material that cannot continue after our foreign competitors return to the field. It is little wonder that protectionist voices are beginning to be heard on every hand, and that they are penetrating even to the administration, where the effort is to quiet them through the promulgation by Secretary Redfield of an " anti-dumping " project.

Undoubtedly there will be " dumping " after the war. Our coal-tar dye industry, from which we hoped much, is still a feeble infant, and the German exporters will be under a temptation to help it die through the sale of their products in our market at temporarily unrenumerative prices. Doubtless a thoroughgoing survey of our industries would disclose many trades, still insignificant in volume but capable of lusty growth, that well-organized foreign competition can kill. And even great industries like our metallurgical and textile industries may encounter a tendency on the part of foreign producers to sell in our markets at lower rates than they levy upon their home consumers. This was a frequent practice of exporting nations before the war—one that we employed ourselves to a considerable extent. It is an evil, and if our government can abolish it, this is so much to the good.

But it is by no means a simple matter to check " dumping." Since 1906 Australia, and since 1907 Canada, have had anti-dumping clauses in their tariff laws. We have dumped freely in Canada since, nevertheless, and probably in Australia too. How can a customs service determine with accuracy whether the foreign producer is offering goods at lower prices than he charges in his home market? In many cases the export goods are of different quality from those offered for domestic consumption. But disregarding this difficulty, only an effective system of industrial espionage can give the required information as to prices charged by foreign producers in their own markets. Such espionage no foreign nation would tolerate. Anti-dumping legislation will not do any harm, but let us not imagine it will do much good.

With this the matter might rest were it not that anti-dumping projects divert attention from the more serious problems of our commercial policy. What we have to prepare ourselves to meet is a commercial movement far more powerful than dumping. Some imported cottons and woolens will be sold here more cheaply than in their countries of origin. But wide categories of woolens and cottons will be sold in their countries of origin at prices so low that when costs of transportation and the existing duties are added, they will still fall below a price remunerative to our domestic producers. The protection that was adequate before the war will in many cases not be adequate after the war. A free trader will of course say, so much the better. But we are not a free-trading nation. If the pressure of foreign competition becomes severe we shall have to readjust our schedules with a view to reëstablishing adequacy of protection, unless we wish protectionist sentiment to gain such head as we have known in the past.

There is a widely current view that we are making such great strides industrially while our foreign rivals are handicapped by the war that we shall never need to fear their competition in our market; their labor forces are being decimated; their capital is wasting; when peace comes they will be burdened by crushing taxation. It is quite true that in industries requiring vigorous male laborers the nations now at war will be placed at a disadvantage as compared with us. In the heavy metal trades, mining, building, railroading, the shortage of efficient male labor is likely to tell. But the war is creating a great surplus of women destined to permanent industrial labor. The textile industries and the thousand and one minor trades making small demands upon the strength of the worker will be abundantly supplied with cheap labor. As for the burden of taxation, its influence will make itself felt upon incomes, not upon prices, which alone have a bearing upon international competition. The tax collector will cut into wages and profits; he would not become so frenzied as to force prices to a level that would interfere with exportation, even if this were economically possible. It is not possible. When peace is restored and normal trade relations are reëstablished, the international price level will return to equilibrium. Whatever its burden of taxation, each nation will have to export goods enough to pay for its imports, and its prices will have to be low enough to bring this about.

We must face the necessity of readjusting our tariff in the near future. Our industries have a right to an assurance that we will not permit them to be overwhelmed by a flood of cheap products thrown out by impoverished nations striving desperately to

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restore their fortunes. Our consumers have a right to an assurance that no greater advance in duties shall be granted than is necessary, nor any advance before the time demands it. What is needed is obviously not a general revision carried through by the usual methods, but a piecemeal adjustment worked out through careful study of the several schedules. A tariff commission made up of qualified experts is essential to a rational handling of the problem. Such a commission will not take the tariff out of politics, nor insure us against the enactment of some excessive duties, but it will help to keep the high protectionists from having their own way in the next presidential campaign.

Underwriting Human Need

WHEN great social changes occurred in sixteenth century England, and poor humanity, unable to adjust itself to the new conditions of living, threatened to swamp the land with beggary, the authorities were forced to adopt means for distinguishing between the honest needy and the shirks and vagabonds. The honest beggars were provided with licenses, under protection of which they might make what they could of the charitable sentiments of the community. It is easy to conjure up the scenes of wretchedness thus authorized to parade themselves upon the city square: beggarmen old and stooped, beggarmen legless or armless, tongueless or sightless; beggarwomen with weazened babies in their arms, shivering under the sleet. It was a practical device, hideous, painful, wasteful, by which the community persuaded itself to assume its obligations toward its helpless members. The systematic work of providing for the impotent poor at public expense followed, when it came to be recognized that the burden must in the end fall upon the community and that nothing was to be gained by graduating the inevitable tax according to the kindness of men's hearts.

About the middle of December just such a parade of wretchedness was drawn up before the citizens of New York and many another American city. "One Hundred Neediest Cases" were set before us by the press. Brief though the space allotted to each, no reader could mistake their genuine need. That these were cases meriting instant relief was guaranteed by four of the most respected charitable organizations of New York. In essence the transaction amounted to the circulation of appeals for charity underwritten by responsible persons. Technically it represented an advance over the Elizabethan method of licensed beggary; otherwise the analogy is close. Perhaps we have not reached the final stage in the community sense of obligation.

Deep as the wretchedness portrayed may seem, in scarcely any of the hundred cases is it past remedy. Here is a fatherless boy of four who cannot walk without braces. Given proper care he will outgrow his defect and be able to take his place in the world. Here is a widowed mother with ten children to support, only one fourteen years old. She will get a widow's pension in a few weeks, and in time the family will not want breadwinners. Here is a young mother betrayed and deserted, ill and discouraged, who might be made self-supporting with three months' care. Such cases are in one respect appropriate to private charity: the obligation is terminable. Private charity shrinks from perennial obligations. But while each case of misery is transient, precisely similar cases are bound to recur with monotonous frequency. These hundred cases will be matched by a hundred almost identically the same next year and the next. They are selected as the neediest, but there are thousands like them only a degree less needy. The community obligation is clear, and it is a question whether it can continue to be met by the method of private appeal.

An analysis of the sociological data in the description of these cases gives proof that there is nothing casual or unique in them. They are the natural product of general social forces. The life of the typical urban workingman was long ago adequately charted. Born into a family struggling against poverty, the working-class child sees the fortunes of his house gradually improving as he and his brothers and sisters get their working papers and begin to contribute to the family income. At the age of independence his life becomes tolerably easy; he is in his prime of physical vigor and has no one to support but himself. At twenty-five he marries, and then the babies come in quick succession, each one adding to his burdens. For fifteen years he will carry on the struggle for bread alone, except for brief intervals when his wife secures remunerative employment. Then one by one the children reach working age, and the affairs of the household are placed on a sound basis. But presently the children depart to found households of their own, and the parents are left to their struggle with old age, their needs shrinking, their earning power shrinking in greater ratio. This is the normal chart, and assumes the continued life and health of the parents. But out of every thousand working households in the critical period between twenty-five and forty, nearly a hundred will lose the father and about the same number will lose the mother. And another considerable percentage, not yet determined, will be crippled by the invalidism of one of the parents.

In these circumstances we find a majority of the "hundred neediest cases" of New York. The chief breadwinner is dead or incapacitated, the children

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are crying for bread. In thirty-five of the hundred cases there are four living children or more; in eleven cases, six or more. Some few of these are old enough to work, but here appears another complication. A definite proportion of the children arriving at working age will be too feeble to hold regular employment—a condition frequently appearing in these records.

But these are imprudent persons, to marry and have large families without better economic prospects, grumbles the laissez-faire economist. To be sure they are imprudent. They gamble on the continuance of their good health; they gamble on a family not too numerous, and healthy. Our whole urban working class is gambling in a similar way, and these are the ones who lose. Care and toil help to weaken the chances of health; they probably stand in causal relation to the multiplication of mouths to feed. Life spawns most freely under the hardest conditions. It is nature's way of projecting hope into the future when there is none at present. It is worth noting that among the tuberculous fathers mentioned in the hundred cases a majority have four children and over.

Are these cases, and the thousands of others only less wretched, properly left to private charity, however well organized? Not according to the most advanced practice of modern nations. The data given are meagre, but they indicate that at least fifty of the hundred would be relieved by social insurance as practiced in Germany. One half of the remaining cases give indication of taint of blood —insanity, epilepsy, drunkenness, wife-desertion. Roughly speaking, three-fourths of the wretchedness here exposed is due to forces quite beyond the control of the individual, but entirely within the control of society. The bitter need of this particular hundred has been relieved by private generosity. This fact does not close the discussion. We have been given a measure by which we may determine how far we fall short of the requirements of an efficient and ethical civilization.

The Portland School Survey

IF we are to have better schools in our cities we must know what kind of schools we have now. In an attempt to tell us, the school survey has in the last few years been developed with an admirable technique, and the passion for being surveyed has spread to cities large and small. No more illuminating document has come out of this effort than the recently published study of the school system of Portland, Oregon. It stirs enthusiasm because it shows the progress that has been made in clarifying the current problems and the ideals which must be realized if the public school is to prepare the child of to-day for intelligent participation in the society of which he will form a part. Compared with the investigations in New York City and Springfield, Illinois, this Portland survey, under the direction of Professor Cubberley of Stanford University, represents a new achievement in educational thinking. Those surveys contented themselves with a criticism of details, or, at best, with a vague groping for constructive plan. The Portland survey represents a definite break with the tradition. It is characterized by a clear idea not only of how the system fails to meet the modern demands, but of how these demands can be met.

The investigators cannot, of course, explain how it is that one of the wealthiest and most comfortable of American cities, a city at once entirely modern and homogeneously American, should have the most mechanical and journalistic school system these educators had ever seen. One gets the sense of how without first leadership the school may become a little backwater in a community. In Portland, a city of 250,000 people, commercial and residential centre for the great Northwest, these investigators found the "maintenance unchanged of a rigidly prescribed mechanical system poorly adapted to the needs either of children or community." "Universal practice," they say, "is enlisted in the maintenance of a rigid, minutely and mechanically prescribed system of instruction, organization, administration, supervision, examination and inspection. Any change in this elaborate mechanism meets with resistance, positive as well as negative. So far as this system is adapted at any point to the actual needs of the individual children and youth that come under it, so far as it is adapted to the needs of the communities for adequately trained recruits to serve the community, the adaptation is accidental, not the result of intelligence now operative at that point."

This is a criticism of an American institution, and Portland might be any large American city which has not had an educational awakening. The survey is significant because it shows the machinery and motives of public school education in this country for the last generation not only in Portland but in a city like New York, whose militaristic, mechanical system is now being thrown into convulsions by the sudden challenge of the new type of school embodied in the Gary plan. Indeed this Portland survey is a much better survey of New York school conditions than the elaborate Hanus inquiry which was made a few years ago.

The viciousnesses which the investigators find in the Portland system are those which are familiar to all who feel the defects of their own schooling, or have set about to examine the reasons for the poor quality of the school output. On the administra-

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tive side there are all the evils that come from retaining a scheme of amateur control in a system which has of necessity become professionalized. A board which is directing a village school must keep all school matters under its supervision. But when that village has become a vast city, a school board which keeps the strings in its own hands is simply manufacturing wastefulness and inefficiency. A lay board which employs highly paid and highly trained principals, supervisors, etc., and then insists on directing all business—from the engaging of janitors and the personal selection of teachers to the suspension of by-laws whereby a schoolroom may be leased for an evening lecture or a teacher excused to attend the funeral of her grandmother—labels itself as archaic and unfit. It is one of the cardinal principles of modern political and industrial organization that it is a waste of money to pay salaries large enough to buy judgment, discretion and expert skill and then not permit them to be used.

This refusal to delegate responsibility, the investigators found, paralyzed initiative all through the school system. Nothing could be done without reference to an untrained body of laymen who, however conscientious they might be, must usually decide spasmodically and without any definite educational policy. Indeed their conscientiousness is often a positive vice. Shiftlessness on their part would have permitted initiative on the part of principals and teachers. Under present conditions the distinction between good teachers and bad fades out. The concern of everyone becomes to keep the machinery going, not to criticize the work and keep it adapted to the individual aptitudes of the children.

This administrative lifelessness has its counterpart in a pedagogical routine the focus of which is the "course of study." The curriculum is uniform for all children. It is "vivisected into fifty-four dead pieces," laid down in pages in certain adopted textbooks. "The only thought devoted to the formulation of the course of study," say the investigators, "was the simple mathematical thought necessary to parcel out the pages of the books." The teacher's duty is to haul the pupil through the course of study. This is done by means of the formal recitation, where "pupils answer hollow word-questions with memorized hollow word-statements." Term examinations discover how many of these word-statements are left in the pupils' minds. An elaborate system of inspection and supervision exists to check up and grade both teachers and principals and ensure that the hallowed "course of study" is fully being carried out. Many of the teachers are trained in the local schools and turned back into the system to perpetuate these methods. A state tenure-of-office act keeps all teachers in their places.

The effect upon the children is logical. The school becomes an automatic process of elimination. Those who can be hauled through the course of study are hauled. Those whose talents do not lie in the capacity to memorize printed pages pass out of the school or become hopelessly mired in the lower grades. "If the sixteen-year-old child has not yet transferred to his memory Parts 37 to 54, inclusive, of the dead and comminuted curriculum, the chief constituents of which are abstract arithmetic and technical grammar, then he must begin with Part 37 and appropriate that and each of the succeeding 17 Parts in order, before he can even be associated with youth of approximately his own age, and before he can engage in study suited to his age and condition—study and exercises that will be of immediate and practical value to him in the effort he must shortly make to serve society for the sake of his own livelihood." And this system, formulated and approved twenty years ago by high educational authorities, the survey stigmatizes as valuable only in its "cheapness and facility of administration, and the relief that it affords educational officers and teachers from all responsibility of knowing and of meeting the individual needs of their pupils."

This type of public school, so bald and grotesque in the sober pages of the Portland survey that it seems more like the ritual of some primitive tribe than the deliberate educational activity of an enlightened American community, is yet the type that still prevails in the majority of our cities. This is the fact that we must face. Yet a community that asks to be surveyed is a community dissatisfied with itself. Other communities are likely to stir uneasily, and ask themselves why, if Los Angeles and Indianapolis and Gary can have modern and fruitful public school systems, other cities should not. We may even hope that it is the last of the old system and the promise of the school of to-morrow.

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EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY
PHILIPP LITTELL
WALTER E. WEYL
WALTER LIPPMANN
FRANCIS HACKETT
CHARLOTTE RUDYARD
ALVIN S. JOHNSON

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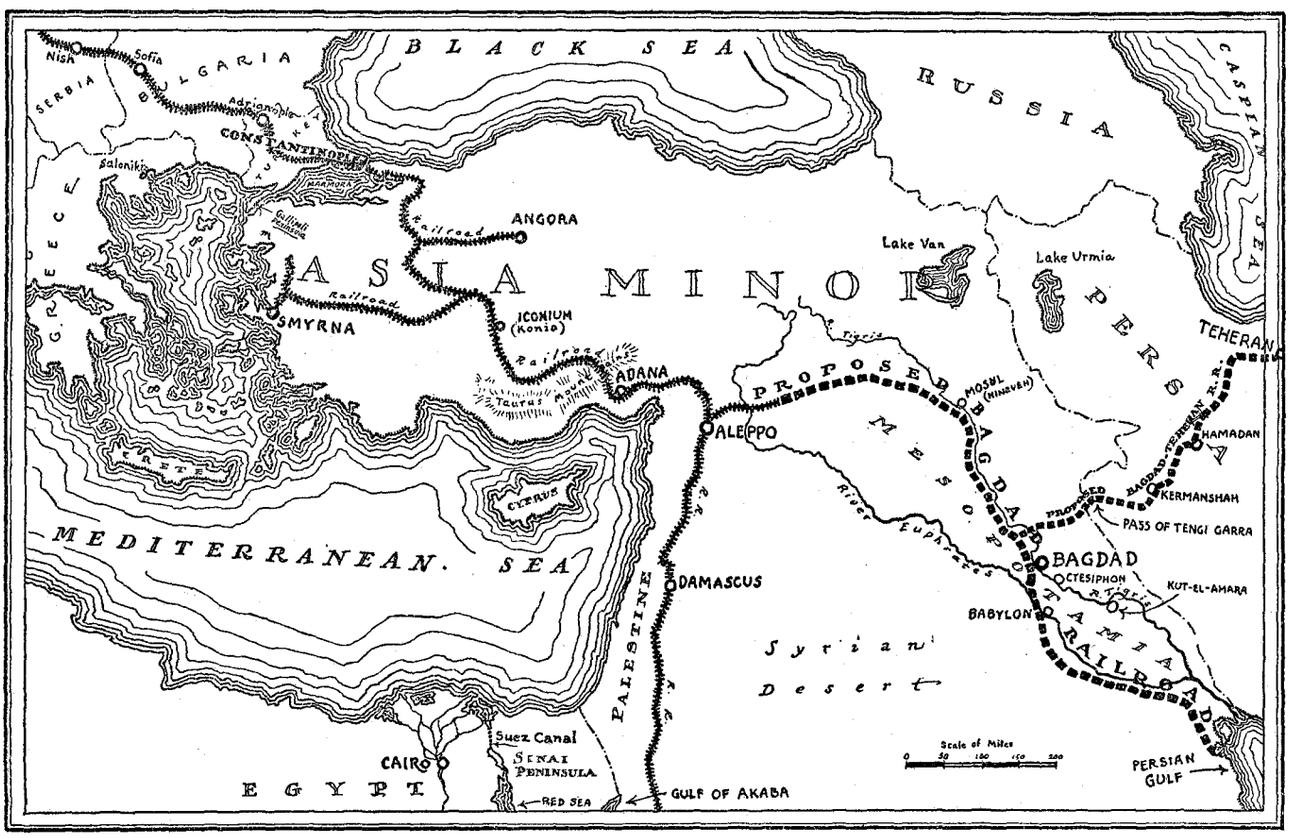
Mesopotamia

WHEN the British expedition under General Nixon first landed at the head of the Persian Gulf, little more attention was paid to it than to the fighting in Africa. But to-day the campaign has gradually grown in importance until the reports from Kut-el-Amara, where the little British army under General Townshend is trying to hold out against superior Turkish forces, arouse more interest than those from any other minor theatre of the war. Recently we have read of Russo-Turkish skirmishes south of Lake Urmia, in north Persia, of irregular actions of a tribal character almost the whole length of the Turko-Persian frontier; and more recently still Russian reports appear to indicate the overrunning of all central and western Persia.

Mesopotamia—the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris—may well be one of the great prizes of the great war. There lies the fabled Garden of Eden, the cradle of the race, the storehouse of the ancient world; there lie still the ruins of Babylon on the Euphrates, due south of Bagdad on the Tigris; there rise still the minarets of Bagdad, the city of Haroun al Raschid; further down the Tigris the British fought at Ctesiphon, for many hundred years the capital of Persia, the dwelling-place of the Great King; further north near Mosul, itself a seat of Saracen empire, the ruins of Nineveh still exist.

The plans for the present campaign have been hatching since 1880, since the last Turko-Russian peace. Peace between Turkey and Russia has never been anything but an interlude between wars, for Russia has been gradually eating up the Ottoman Empire since the eighteenth century, and has always intended to finish the meal. Time, of course, is nothing to Russia; but the Turks well understand her ambitions. It was that knowledge which brought her close to Germany several years ago, ever since England became a silent partner in the Franco-Russian alliance, and it was that knowledge which made Enver Bey turn loose his guns on Sebastopol; for with Russia supreme in north Persia and the Balkans, the end of the Ottoman Empire was plainly in sight.

But the Russians and the British formed their plans for the Mesopotamian campaign in the days before Germany was considered a peril, in those old forgotten days when Germans were thought of as a peaceful, pipe-smoking, beer-drinking race. They hoped (or expected) to meet them, as they may still hope to meet now, somewhere on the Tigris between Bagdad and Nineveh, but as enemies, not as friends.



MESOPOTAMIA AND PRINCIPAL RAILROADS OF ASIA MINOR

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" Russia must never reach the warm water of the Persian Gulf," said those British statesmen.

When this present war broke out, neither Russia nor England wanted Turkey in it; but once embarked they proceeded to put the old plans in operation. Unfortunately Russia found her hands more than full, and she had few troops to spare for those obscure operations—reported chiefly by Armenian missionaries—south of Lake Van. For many months the " war in the Caucasus " has been a war of skirmishes, a war of Cossacks and Kurds, of raids by half savage Arab and Persian tribesmen. Yet a battle " line " is slowly forming which will perhaps complete the front from the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf, a battle line which appears to be extending from Lake Van to Lake Urmia, and thence by irregular skirmishing throughout the mountains south of that lake on the Persian side of the frontier.

None of the contestants has a single completed railroad to support him. The Turks, however, enjoy the advantage of interior lines, an immense advantage in these tremendous distances, and the more level sections of the projected Bagdad Railway from Aleppo to Mosul (or Nineveh) may have been to some extent completed. Certainly the Turks have thus far the best of it, for their four infantry divisions must have come through Mosul and Bagdad, and those cities are securely in their hands. The Russians have been forced out, fanwise, toward the east into Persia, forced away from the line of advance which they had originally planned.

The British, on the other hand, carried out their project successfully until their recent reverse near Ctesiphon. From time to time they reported " clever rear guard actions " on the part of the Turks, whose intention was evidently that of delay, but it was only recently, when Bagdad seemed in their grasp, that they encountered serious resistance.

Apparently neither the British Indian government nor General Townshend, who is reported to have had at his disposal about twenty-five thousand men, believed that the Turks would be able to move superior forces of infantry to the relief of Bagdad so far from their principal base. But from Teutonic sources I am informed that General von der Goltz himself took charge of these operations, and that he is at present in command of the army besieging Kut-el-Amara. It is probable that Syrian and Cilician divisions were concentrated at Aleppo, and thence transported, without the knowledge of the British, across the desert to Mosul, following the line of the proposed Bagdad railroad. From Mosul to Bagdad the railroad is probably to some extent built and it was not a highly complicated maneuver to concentrate the Turkish forces at Bagdad.

In the fighting at Ctesiphon the British unexpectedly found themselves opposed by numbers three or four times as great as their own, and it is surprising that they were not completely destroyed or taken prisoners. Their valor is proved by the fearful percentage of losses—nearly twenty-five per cent of the entire force, and probably forty per cent of the troops actually engaged. There is little doubt that the expedition has already proved itself a repetition on a larger scale of the charge of Balaklava; and if, as now seems likely, the survivors must stand a siege at Kut-el-Amara, the horrors of Lucknow or Ladysmith may be repeated as well. If General Townshend and his remaining forces fall into the hands of the Turks, we shall hear criticisms of British military strategy at its very worst. For retreat, not only transports but an immense number of rafts and light-draught boats will be needed for use among the shallows and sandbanks of the shifting Tigris channels. In London a relieving force is said to be on its way, but the future of General Townshend's army seems very dark.

Small Russian forces, probably cavalry, have reached the mountains on the Persian frontier, and threaten, at some places from a distance of less than one hundred miles, the Turkish lines of communication both west of Mosul and between Mosul and Bagdad. South and southwest of Lake Van, south of Lake Urmia, and west of Hamadan and Kermanshah, in the neighborhood of the Tengi-Garra Pass (where the proposed Bagdad-Teheran railroad crosses the mountains, not over 125 miles from Bagdad itself) Russian patrols are reported, but it is exceedingly doubtful that such forces as the Russians have at their command in this enormous field of operations can do more than make annoying raids against the army of von der Goltz. General Townshend can expect little from the Russians. His present position appears hazardous in the extreme.

It is undoubtedly German policy to occupy, as soon as possible, the Mesopotamian valley as a sphere of influence. Mesopotamia is regarded in Berlin as a country which offers greater opportunities for world empire than northern France or Belgium or Poland or the Baltic provinces of Russia. For forty or fifty years the Danes of North Schleswig and the Poles of Posen have been an unsettling and unsettled problem. Belgium and Poland would be a much more serious problem in years to come if those nations were to be annexed. But Mesopotamia, sparsely settled by inferior peoples, could become not only a fertile field for German colonization, a German colony linked to Berlin by rail, but also it would be a wedge driven in between India and Egypt, a sword of Damocles over the British Empire, a guarantee of peace. At least such is the idea of many Germans.

GERALD MORGAN.

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The World's Worst Failure

THE Frenchwoman who was dining at the central table struck a note of the highest possible pitch of physical refinement. She was reflected an infinite number of times in the mirrors that made tunnels of light into the hotel dining-room's walls, and all these little images, even to the glimmer of shoulders furthest away in the recesses of the twilight, caught up this note and sustained it so that it filled the air like a high nasal tone on a violin. It appears to be a point of honor with Frenchwomen who devote themselves to elegance to start with as few good looks as possible, and she was no exception. The touch of Jewish blood that had crinkled her light brown hair and given aquiline intensity to her discreetly tinted face had lent her all the distinction she possessed. Yet she was an achievment as delicate, as deliberately selective of the soft and gracious things, as difficult a piece of craftsmanship, as a Conder fan. Her body was not the loosely articulated thing of arrested and involuntary movements that serves as the fleshly vehicle of most of us, but was very straight and still, with the grace of flowers arranged by a florist, within a dress so beautiful that one imagined it hard and permanent like a jewel, yet so supple of texture that one could have crushed it into a handful. It was the aim of her fragility to rouse such thoughts of violence.

As she sat there she made a harmony out of prudent gestures of whose restraint she was without doubt inwardly conscious and proud; one could divine her thinking, "I hardly moved my hand an inch that time, yet I flatter myself the movement could not easily have been bettered." Her little shoes of soft leather, which had a bloom on them like a peach, stayed quite still under the table because they were already in the prettiest position imaginable. She did not move in her chair because the straight stem of her back grew from the foliage of her skirts with a grace that could not have been surpassed by any alteration. She had trained like an athlete for this elegance, and her feats deserved more than a moment's attention. It was strange that in spite of her tremendous and successful concentration upon her person she aroused no interest in her personality. One found in her that association of vividness of presence and absence of individuality which one finds in non-Europeans. When one meets the lithest and most beautiful of Hindus one speculates not about his personality but about the system of which he is manifestly a part and a product. And even so one forgot the soul that doubtless inhabited the Frenchwoman, that doubtless knew ardours and loneliness, in her fitness and conspicuousness as part of the system of the *chic*.

For a week she remained as uncommunicative as a picture. One night she intimated by gently levelling her appearance at me that she wanted to speak with me, and said in a low yet nasal and tremulous voice that Maidenhead was not *gai*. She wrinkled her nose at the unlit asphalt roads which led to neither casino nor café in a way that suggested that in a happier world she might have been a very agreeable little street-boy. I pointed out that on the river one can always row. But she did not row well and feared people would laugh at her attempts. I assured her that there were so many boats on the Thames that people would not look at her. She fell into an impatient silence which intimated that a state of things in which people did not look at her was too like death to be considered, and relapsed from humanity into her elegance again. One perceived in her discomfort that there must be many sorts of pain of which no cognisance is taken in this world: the anguish of the chair on which nobody sits, the wine that is not drunk, the woman bred to please when there is no one at hand to be pleased.

It was at noon one day, gripped by the horror of neurasthenia, that she sent for me.

Her room was dark save for the twilight of many mirrors and the austere glitter which made her dressing-table look like the bench of a laboratory. She had got into bed, and pressed her face into the pillow while I rubbed the cold hands of which the nails were no longer pink. Yes, she had seen a doctor and he had given her medicine, but she did not like taking medicine. I turned to the glittering dressing-table, but found nothing there but a silver and crystal arsenal of those weapons with which the elegant wage war upon the imperfections of the human appearance.—"They are very bright."—"This place is so *triste*, I spend hours polishing them."—I found the medicine at last, not yet released from its brown paper, amongst the seven bottles of hair-lotion. I gave her as stiff a dose as I dared, but for some time before she slept she receded into a drowsiness in which she was again possessed by horrible thoughts and looked out at me desperately. Once she put her hand to her chest as though she was going to tell me that she had weak lungs and said, "*Voyez-vous, je suis feminine, très feminine.*"

And when I came out of the dining-room that night she was waiting for me in the hall, panoplied again in her elegance. In a white frock of great art

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her body was stiff like a gardenia; on her long hands there were rosy nails again, and her mouth was braced to smallness and a pout. She thanked me for my attentions of the morning, and drawing close to me, poured out little weak, desolated sentences that were more touching because she preserved her air of invincible self-possession and worldliness. "You are kind, please come into my room, I will tell you the story of my life." But instead she showed me her hats and dresses, and it seemed to do the poor soul as much good. And then she mounted on a chair, showing high white satin boots tied round the knee with silver ribbons, and brought down piles of photographs from the top of the wardrobe. She seemed to have spent much of the ten months which had elapsed since she fled before the Prussians from her country villa in posing to London photographers. Then she grew flushed and dimpled at hearing that I had been to Biarritz, and tossed out of her memory, like a girl rummaging for pretty dresses in a forgotten chest, the triumphant toilettes with which she had ravished and infuriated the *beau monde* of those parts.

One saw, as she rolled up and down the room in imitation of a stout Russian princess under the influence of passion, that a very jolly and human grotesque had been wasted when she became a part of what was, it appeared before I left the room, an even more ancient and relentless system than the *chic*. For as I said goodnight my eyes fell on a couple of large photographs on the mantlepiece which represented two very similar little bearded Frenchmen. And the Frenchwoman, following my eyes, clutched at my arm. "*Figurez-vous,* my husband is killed in the war, and by the same post I hear my lover has lost all his money and can no longer marry me."

The more complicated a tragedy is the more comic it appears. I gaped for a moment and then remembered the appetite of the Latin races for sententiousness: "Madame, it is the fate of all sensitive souls to discover that life would be simple if it were not for sex." "*Mademoiselle, vous êtes une vraie philosophe. . . .*" Indeed, it was sad to think that there was now no one to look at those photographs, those white satin boots.

The next night I found her coiled in a red plush armchair in the hotel drawing-room, so preoccupied by her misery that her elegance sat absurdly on her like a smart hat worn on one side, attending only deafishly to a sallow girl from Chicago. And suddenly she began to talk about love. It was not that she was ill-bred and without reticence, but she was wandering in the windy corridors that lead to madness and the cloak of reserve had been blown from her. "When I love," she was telling us soon, "*c'est une catastrophe. . . .*" She gave us various illustrations of her conduct when the worse for passion, culminating in an anecdote about a trunk impetuously abandoned on the platform at Lyons. "I can think of nothing but the beloved. Yes, it is a complete interruption of my life." It was obvious that for long she had lived entirely that her life might be interrupted. "Women are like that," she said with a certain pride.

The American dissented. It was her opinion that a woman ought to preserve her general interests and take part in the world's work, though she admitted it was necessary that we should retain the fragility which makes us worshipful. "We must still strike," she said thoughtfully, "the feminine note." In the brooding look on her sharp face there was the calculating coquetry which explains the failure of women in industry and the professions. She and her kind took up work not because they loved the world but in order that they might offer an appearance of strength which some man would find virile satisfaction in breaking down to weakness, an appearance of independence which some man would be proud to see exchanged for dependence upon him. And their half-hearted work made women workers cheap and ill-esteemed.

Both these women were keeping themselves apart from the high purposes of life for an emotion that, schemed and planned for, was no better than the made excitement of drunkenness. One ought to pass into love reluctantly for life's sake, as one goes up into the mountains because he is very sick and to live longer on the plain means death. And once there, braced by the new air, he turns to work. If it should befall that he has to leave the country of love he goes forth brave with eternal health, a soundness that no later sickness can corrupt. It is impossible that he should appear as a frustrated schemer or a broken bankrupt.

It was midnight, and they had been talking about love for hours. Fatigue had given me a delirium, so that when I looked across the room our images in the great cheval mirror seemed fantastic pictures of our souls. The Frenchwoman, her pinched little face grievous above her cloth-of-silver gown, her pink painted nails unnatural on her limp hands, appeared as a starved child bedizened for some bad purpose; and perhaps that was all she pitifully was. The Chicago girl held her head like a queen but pursed her mouth peevishly and anxiously, like a characterless schoolmistress trying to enforce discipline; and indeed there was nothing more dignified in this woman who lived and worked that she might be worshipful, and yet, because she did nothing disinterestedly, made nothing within herself that a man could worship.

And I—I was a black-browed thing scowling down on the inkstain that I saw reflected across the

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bodice of my evening dress. I was immeasurably distressed by this by-product of the literary life. It was a new evening dress, it was becoming, it was expensive. Already I was upsetting the balance of my nerves by silent rage; I knew I would wake up in the night and magnify it with an excited mind till it stained the world; that in the end I would probably write some article I did not in the least want to write in order to pay for a new one. In fact I would commit the same sin that I loathed in these two women. I would waste on personal ends vitality that I should have conserved for my work. And I was sinning for the same reason, for what could make me drape myself in irrelevant and costly folds of petunia satin, and what could make me forfeit my mental serenity at their defacement, if it were not for some deep and overlaid but sturdy instinct for elegance? I perceived suddenly that in every woman there is just such an instinct which urges her, just so far as it is not resisted by her intelligence and education, towards an existence such as that of the Frenchwoman, who now, comically desolate as a mateless monkey, was murmuring, "*Une femme doit plaire—c'est son bonheur.*" That is why woman is the world's worst failure.

REBECCA WEST.

A Corporate Maecenas

WHO does not recall the typical private library of the last generation? It was a sombre room, with its windows deep slits in the walls of books. Books mostly in black, growing rusty with age, lettered in gold turning to bronze. Solid rank upon rank, they rose to the shelf under the high ceiling, where tall books lay prone, and bad books sought merited obscurity.

There are still libraries in the homes of men of intellect and social position, but they have undergone degeneration. The sombreness has disappeared; the library serves now chiefly as a retreat for smoking guests and masculine gossip, over-broad. Bookshelves still line the walls, and they are filled with books, but not with the staunch battalions of the age that is gone. The books of to-day, of all sizes and colors intermixed, echo in their titles the enthusiasms that were so alive yesterday and are now so eternally dead.

In very new houses you do indeed sometimes find a library all gorgeous with full sets in reds and blues and sumac leather buffs. Inspect them not too closely, lest a whole row, full of hollowness and family secrets, tumble into your indiscreet hands. If you are a Carlylean reactionary you will inveigh bitterly against the painted sham; if you are a scientist you will regard it with enthusiasm as a finger-post of evolution. In future ages the book will become merely a motif in the architectural decoration of that part of the house still to be known as the library—a name to puzzle earth-dwellers not versed in archaeology.

Democracy robbed the private library of its vitality, and social democracy, as represented by the public library, administered the cup of euthanasia. The ownership and care of books is becoming socialized; to the gain of mankind, on the whole, but not without offsetting costs.

It is blasphemy, in the estimation of the elect, to apply evolutionary reasoning to the subject of authorship. Especially if the reasoning takes an economic turn, as much modern reasoning is apt to do. Literary genius is a divine flame, uncaused, itself a first cause in the chain of events. Be it so. Yet the economic and social winds determine whether the rising flame shall be whipped out or fanned into prodigious conflagration. An army, earth-shaking, cloud-defying, moves upon its belly. The poets cannot move always upon outspread wings.

Almost all the writers of antiquity and of the middle ages, as well as the early moderns, were sustained in their work by aristocratic patronage. The author was a pensioner; some say, ungenerously, a parasite. Sycophancy was indeed a part of his trade. There are passages in Vergil and Horace, in Molière and Shakespeare, that every freeborn man must read with pain and disgust. But sycophancy was not the whole trade. No prince or noble had anything to gain from the mere fulsome flatterer in verse. The mightiest ruler realized that it greatly profited him to have his name recorded in works bearing the stamp of immortality. Excellence was the chief condition of the poet's survival.

With the opening of the commercial age the rising middle class took over the patronage of letters, along with the country estate and other indicia of aristocracy. The poet's dependence upon the individual patron disappeared, and with it sycophancy, except in so far as the pretense of personal inspiration was employed, like archaic speech, to give the traditional literary flavor. Excellence as a condition of survival remained. The successful trader bought books not for the transient pleasure of reading—most of his books he never read—but for the lustre shed upon his house by a library selected according to the best canons of contemporary taste.

To-day the patronage of letters has been taken over by the democracy. And the democrat if he buys books buys them because he wants to read them, not because authority pronounces them good. But grant that the pronouncements of the critics

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carry weight with you and me, is that any reason we should buy books the critics approve? On the contrary, there is excellent reason why we need not buy them. They will not be in great demand at the library loan desk; we can probably get them when we wish to. And suppose they are out when we call for them; since they are of permanent value, we can patiently abide their return. Ten years ago I tried to get Montaigne's Essays from the library. It happened to be out. Five years ago I again tried to get it, without success. Five years from now, or perhaps ten, I'll probably make another attempt. There is really no hurry about reading Montaigne. He will still be good in ten years, or twenty.

Democratic patronage of letters does not demand sycophancy. But still less does it insist on excellence. Indeed, by an unconscious law of selection, it casts excellence into the outer darkness.

My friend Mr. H., who knows a hundred times more about books and writers than I do, maintains stoutly that authorship is essentially independent of environmental conditions. A man with a great idea in his head will somehow get it out. He may have to starve himself and those whom he loves; he may wear out his soul in his quest for a publisher who will sink money in a book that has nothing to recommend it but its excellence. In the end the publisher will be found. And the author's reward? He can say in the solitude of his own soul: *Exegi monumentum aere perennius.*

Has authorship really ever been such a consuming flame? Would Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, have wrought so valiantly if the Greeks had not known, as no people since, how to reward authorship? Would Horace have builded his monument, more enduring than bronze, if there had been no generous Maecenas, scion of ancestral kings, or divine Augustus, ready to give land and goods for the kind of immortality only a poet could confer? Dr. Samuel Johnson, to be sure, worked for next to nothing, but what else was there for the learned doctor to do?

Let us grant that in earlier ages good books would out, though the author died in the birthpangs. The present is a rational age, and the rationalist serves neither man nor God for naught. An old writer tells us of a land peopled exclusively with the wise. A happy land? By no means; its statesmen were desperately revolving plans for the extensive importation of fools. In a country adequately provided with "fools" there are men to undertake onerous public services—magistracies, ambassadorships—at their own expense. A ribbon, a title, will serve as sufficient reward. There are men to accept the toils and agonies of war in exchange for a glorious grave. In a country inhabited exclusively by rational men, such services would have to be paid for in hard cash, to the immense prejudice of the public treasury.

And so, we may add, in a pre-rational age men may have been found to undertake at their own cost the vast labor and anxiety involved in the writing of great books. The monuments more enduring than bronze amply rewarded them. But to-day we are rationalists, and monuments have ceased to be legal tender.

When any service appears to fail us nowadays, our minds turn infallibly to the sovereign remedy, socialization. Private collection of taxes worked badly; we socialized the function. Private administration of justice by feudal proprietors proved corrupt, and justice was socialized. Education in private hands worked too well in some cases, in more it worked too ill; we socialized and standardized it. Let us see whether it would not be possible to socialize authorship. Not indeed the inspiration and the art of authorship; but there is no inherent absurdity in the assumption by society of its burdens.

Indeed, it is possible that we have, lying unnoticed about us, all the parts which when assembled would make a workable machine for pressing good books from our reluctant authors, rational and irrational. We have a vast library system, which has assumed the position of middleman between the author and the reading public. Like any other middleman, the librarian endeavors to set before his patrons the best that is produced, so long as it does not come too high. As a middleman the librarian plays a considerable part in directing popular consumption. This book he recommends as just as good as one not in stock; that book he tries with more or less success to keep in circulation, as the grocer endeavors to keep stubborn stock moving.

The efficient middleman of to-day is not, however, content with the function of directing consumption. He imposes laws upon the productive process as well. Much of our high-grade production follows specifications prescribed by the retailer in the interest of his customers. This ought to be more commonly the case with the librarian than with the grocer and the haberdasher. Unfortunately, the librarian does not take his duty to the public so seriously as the grocer and the haberdasher.

Let the librarians of the country form an association for the promotion of authorship. Such an association could easily create an efficient organization of critics, to whom any author might submit manuscripts for appraisal. Let books that are crowned with approval be published at the expense of the association, for library use. And let the author be given a generous honorarium. Can anyone doubt that the libraries would direct the attention of the reading public toward books thus

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brought out under their auspices? Or that this combination of material and immaterial reward would prove a great stimulus to solid literary production?

The objection may be raised that such an association, like an academy of letters, would fall under the domination of a dry classicism. Not necessarily. Representing the interests of the general reading public, it could not afford to place the stamp of its approval on books no one could be induced to read. It could resist popular whim, but it would be forced to yield obedience to the vital spirit of the age.

TH. EBY.

The Woman Lawyer

THE legal profession is entirely controlled by men. We women, because we are women, have not an equal opportunity with men to study law, to practise law, or to fix the standards which regulate the practise of law. The question is, what are we going to do about it?

Some women lawyers have, with infinite patience and determination, secured a foothold in the profession. Their creed is that by proving their ability to do, in the same way that men do, some of the things men lawyers are doing, they will establish their fitness for the practise of law and will gradually be given greater opportunities.

Other women lawyers, discouraged by the prejudice against them or disillusioned by realization of the chasm between the law as it is practised and their ideals of justice, have dropped out of the profession. Their legal training, together with the courage and the intellectual curiosity which impelled them to fit themselves for the bar, make them, as a rule, valuable in social work or reform movements. But the majority of these women feel they have wasted several years of hard work and that they are not now doing the best work of which they are capable.

Women lawyers of a third group have gradually become convinced that they do not want success if it means they must do what the successful men lawyers are doing. On the other hand, they are unwilling to give up the practise of law, because they feel there must be something worth while in it to do.

I belong to this last group. I want to practise law, if it means finding out what the law is in any given case, helping to have that case decided by the law, and finally, trying to change the law so as to make it representative of the needs of the community. But I do not want to practise law if it means playing a game—a game in which my part is to help my client do what he, she, or it pleases, no matter what the law is; a game, moreover, which is so expensive that only the rich and powerful can afford to be players. So far as I have been able to judge, the practise of law to-day is just that kind of a game. If I am wrong—if there is another side to it—I want to know it, and get to work on that side.

During my first years of practise I was indignant and rebellious because the men who controlled the legal profession refused to let us women have a fair chance. Now I am beginning to feel grateful to those men, for, once in their big game and winning, I should in all probability never have admitted, even to myself, the truth about it.

In law school we were all too busy learning what the law was to consider what it ought to be. After we had straightened out the involved and badly stated facts in any given case and had searched through pages of unnecessary words to find the reason for the court's decision, we were so eager to master the next case that we never stopped to consider whether the decision squared with our ideas of justice. For example, during the months we spent on the law of real property, it did not occur to me—or, apparently, to anyone else in the class—to wonder whether land should be owned and willed by individuals, or to question whether dower was an adequate provision for a widow who when she married gave up wage-earning and thereafter received only necessaries in exchange for her services. Our professors went as little as possible into the reasons for statutes and decisions, and, as I remember it, discussed not at all how far the existing body of law served to satisfy the needs of the community. This was right, I suppose, because we had asked them to fit us, not unfit us, for practise under existing conditions.

The first two years I spent at law school I earned my living by indexing law points in briefs and memoranda of law. Almost all of the men in the office obviously felt I was out of my sphere. I think now that consciously or unconsciously they were resentful because I was fitting myself to compete with men, whereas they were agreeably condescending to the file clerks and stenographers who were satisfied to be docile and self-effacing helpers. However, I thought the general attitude of the office due to scorn of my ignorance, so I concentrated all my attention on learning to do things as the men did them. It was many months before I began to be critical of either the men or the kind of work they were doing. The office was then and still is one of the most important in New York City. It employs the most brilliant young men available and works them hard. But it finally dawned upon me that the success of the firm was due largely to the fact that it showed its clients how they could, with the utmost dignity and security, conduct their business as they pleased. The lawyers did not say, "The law is thus

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and so; therefore you cannot do as you would like to do." They said, "The law is thus and so; but we have found a safe way for you to get around it."

In that office knowledge of the law was constantly used to help big business in its contest against the law whenever the law attempted to secure certain rights to the individual. But as soon as I got into practise for myself I realized that my poor weak clients were as eager as the big corporations to get what they considered their rights, irrespective of the law. The only difference was that my clients did not have money enough to protect the rights the law did give them, to say nothing of securing rights which the law never intended them to have. They measured my ability not by my knowledge of substantive law and the rules of practise, but by my skill in outwitting my opponent.

I suppose we cannot altogether blame our clients for wanting everything we can get for them. They know it is our duty, for the sake of our own reputations, not to violate the recognized ethics of the legal profession. The trouble is that we are allowing our clients, with their individual interests and not the interests of the community at heart, to determine what the ethics of our profession shall be.

There must be many men who see the thing as a few of us women see it, but they make very feeble protest. To be sure, one occasionally hears of a man who leaves the profession after deciding that nothing can be done inside it to better things—that only an economic revolution will make possible the establishment of a body of law which will fit the needs of the people. Other men, pressed by family cares or convinced of the futility of revolt, are sticking to conservative practise. But probably few men of revolutionist makeup ever enter the practise of law.

Likewise most women lawyers are conservative. But a few of us are revolutionists at heart. The suffrage campaign and our struggles for feminism have developed our fighting spirit. We do not think we have any special intelligence or any unusual spiritual insight qualifying us to reform the world. But we do believe that if ever we are to accomplish anything worth while in the law, we must begin now, while we are in the full tide of rebellion. The question is, what are we to do?

ELINOR BYRNS.

Empire and Zollverein

GOOD reason the world has to remember the last visit the Kaiser paid to Constantinople. He brought back with him the concession for the Bagdad railway, and from that day the German "push towards the East" passed from dream to state-action. His recent journey to Vienna may be equally memorable. Three old-fashioned Austrian Ministers have been bowled over by his stride, and with them, if rumor speaks the truth, has fallen the chief barrier to the German exploitation of the East. The Central European Customs Verein was a dream yesterday; it may be an accepted policy to-day. The three Austrian bureaucrats stood for the obstructive particularism of Vienna, and their rather unimpressive personalities have failed to delay the German scheme of economic unity. The plan of a Central European Zollverein has amused German theorists for many a year. With the outbreak of the war it began to work like a semi-official program. Public opinion in England a year ago suddenly awakened to the existence of the German Junker, but it conceived him as he existed a generation ago, an old-fashioned soldier-landowner, with a tribal god and a mediaeval emperor, an elementary mind and a heavy fist. It failed to notice that in the interval the Junker has married into the trading and industrial worlds, and Prussian militarism has become the squire of Prussian capitalism. It makes war to-day neither for glory nor for national unity nor merely for security. It pursues a grandiose scheme of commercial adventure, of which the exploitation of Turkey is only one detail. The plan, as one might read it in certain articles which appeared very early in the war, was audaciously large and simple. Its leading feature was the expansion of the German Customs Union, first created in 1834 and finally consolidated in 1870 to embrace not merely the German states but all the allies and satellites of the Central Powers.

In this new Zollverein Austria, excluded by Bismarck's fear of creating an ambiguous two-headed monster, could now be included. Poland and such other of the provinces of the Russian borderland as might be "liberated" and set up as semi-independent buffer-states, would be embraced by right of conquest, and Belgium would enter with them. Turkey, kept by an elaborately regulated debt in economic leading-strings by the whole of Europe, would somehow be drawn within the German orbit. Victorious fancy, when it had gone so far, had no difficulty in predicting a general rush of the Balkan and Scandinavian states, with Holland and Switzerland in their wake, to adhere to the greatest mass. Economics would be the basis of policy and of

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power, and the Zollverein would be not merely a Customs Union, but a vast military confederation. Secure in its unrivalled capacity for organization, German industry would dominate the system. Entrenched within this immense area of internal free trade, it would then advance with a new momentum to the conquest of neutral markets. Even in war it would soon be self-sufficing. A colonized Turkey would supply the food of its growing industrial population. An irrigated Mesopotamia would in a few years remedy its dependence on American cotton. The minerals of the Balkans and the Turkish Black Sea coast would feed its forges. It would be a new "Continental system," and with it the sea power of Britain would lose its menace.

There is, undeniably, some sweep of large ideas in such a program. A good European will condemn it, because while it makes an advance towards a partial consolidation of Europe it is inspired throughout by the idea of the leadership of one Power. A free trader, though he might welcome the gain to human well-being which would come from the healing of so many customs barriers, would predict for such a Zollverein a career of continental warfare with rival systems. The Pax Germanica would mean for all outside it mounting armaments, rising tariffs, and the perpetuation of strife. The dream is bold, but it is also hazardous. It presupposes not merely victory but triumph. Nothing less would ensure the entry of Belgium and Poland into the system, and only if the Quadruple Entente were decisively defeated would it assent to the entry of Turkey within the German customs ring. A Germany staggering from victories into bankruptcy would be in no condition to dominate the trade of Central Europe and the Near East. She still lacks the surplus capital to complete the Bagdad railway. Where, with a war to pay for, would she find even the modest twenty millions sterling which would suffice to rebuild the canals of Babylon? This scheme speculates not merely a victory but an indemnity to pay for victory. Without that prize of war, the tendency in Central Europe will certainly not be towards free trade. Sobered, impoverished, depopulated, the nations will attempt to pay by taxing the very air they breathe. High protection dated in the United States from the Civil War. Europe will with difficulty escape a like tendency.

Nor is it easy to conceive in Germany itself the sudden disappearance of parochialism which such a scheme would suppose. Will the landowners of East Prussia abandon their agrarian leagues, and admit the wheat of Hungary and Bulgaria to compete freely with their own produce? Modern Germany has been built up on the theory that a nice balance must be artificially maintained between industry and agriculture, as much for its health in peace as for its security in war. This program would upset the domestic policy of a generation, and substitute as the unit a half continent for a nation. The balance would now be sought not within the Empire, but within the Zollverein. All Germany would become the black country that Silesia and Westphalia are to-day. The agricultural lung of the body politic would lie in Hungary and the Balkans. Some system of preferential trading within an area so vast it is easy to conceive, but the sudden imposition of internal free trade by a purely political coup strains the imagination too far. If the German fiscal system could with difficulty adapt itself to the change, what can we expect from the less robust organizations of Austria, or Bulgaria, or Turkey? The scheme is chimerical save on the supposition of a decisive military victory, and even then it would require the political defeat in detail of a hundred parochial egoisms, a dozen national vanities, and the inertia of half a continent.

Meanwhile the hotter heads among the Allied opponents of Germany are so talking as to convince her that this ambitious scheme may be not a delirium of megalomania, but a sober measure of self-defence. The original motive towards the constitution of a Central and Eastern Zollverein was hope of gain. It may now be dread of ruin. In all the Allied countries the talk is more of some general league which, after the peace, shall organize a boycott of German trade. This conception is official in Russia, influential but unofficial elsewhere. M. Sazonoff has supplied to the London *Times* (October 19th) the bold outline sketch of a policy which aims at the conclusion of commercial treaties between the Allies "for the protection of our trade from German competition." Germany's "most vulnerable point is her trade," and M. Sazonoff apparently conceives of peace only as the beginning of a new warfare. His colleague, M. Barte, the Finance Minister, has indeed said roundly that the war against Germany will only begin in earnest when peace is signed. This Russian contribution to the ideal of a happy and pacific Europe has found its echo elsewhere. The *Nuova Antologia* leads the movement in Italy, the *Morning Post* in England. It is natural that men who always have been high protectionists should seek an ally for their cause in the hatreds generated by war. What is alarming is that an erratic idealist like Mr. Wells and a Conservative free-trade leader like Lord George Hamilton should have rallied to their propaganda. The English movement, mainly sentimental though it is, is possibly more serious. It sums up all the social loathing, all the moral condemnation, which this war has called forth.

First to cripple Germany's power and then to prevent its restoration, such a program, avowed by

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all extremists, naturally includes the destruction of her trade. Emotionally it means something more. It expresses the passionate unthinking resolve of wartime never again to resume intercourse with the enemy, never to welcome his traders in our ports and markets, never again to enter with him into the intimacy of the life of neighbors. That mood will pass, unless indeed our statesmen should promptly translate it into a punitive tariff, and subsidize vested interests behind it. It would stand a better chance of realization if Russia and France were ready to enter with England into a Zollverein. That is the last thing they will dream of. They may be eager to banish German competition, but they will not be anxious on that account to welcome the British rival. Both are wedded to high protection, and the costs of war may drive them, in the elusive chase after revenue, to raise their tariffs higher still. From the British standpoint the Russian proposal is open to a fatal objection. Russia, with all her vast Continental area and her teeming population, has still a civilization so elementary that she imports from abroad just a little more than half the quantity of manufactured goods which Holland absorbs. Even a wider door into the Russian market would not compensate England for the loss of German trade. This Allied talk of an anti-German boycott will not make an Allied Zollverein. But it may conceivably sow a fear which will help the expansion of the German Zollverein. The more Germany fears the loss of the Russian and British markets, the more will she be driven to secure her footing in Austria and the Balkans.

In the early days of this struggle facile pens discoursed about the war that was to end war and create a united Europe. All but the blindest see now that men do not gather olive-branches from machine-guns. The war overtook a divided Europe, and it has deepened its divisions into chasms. While the clergy, the poets, and the demagogues invoke our self-righteousness to refuse all dealing with the enemy of yesterday, the business world will capitalize our hates and turn our sentimentality to profit. Somewhere from their present silence the sager heads may emerge on both sides to warn us all that an economic struggle with the old divisions on the old battleground means the permanent organization of the moral ruin of Europe. Some see and some will dare to say that it was our financial imperialism, our commercial nationalism, the closed colony and the concession area which prepared the present strife. Cobden's preaching on the connection of peace and free trade is not wholly forgotten, but the lesson will be slowly learned, and it may require a hard experience to enforce it.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

Two Days

ALTHOUGH the alarm clock struck about ten minutes ago, the time for me to get up, yet I still lie in bed thinking how delicious it is to lie, half asleep, half awake, cheating time. But my imagination played me a trick; I suddenly thought that it must be half an hour or more I had overslept, and jumping out of bed I dressed quickly, and after a hurried breakfast started for work. And here another day, just as all the others of the worker's monotonous, fruitless year, began. I came into the factory just as the power started, sat down at my machine and began to work.

"Got the blues this morning?" asked the girl opposite. I looked up and smiled a faint, artificial smile. "Oh, no," I answered, knowing it was a lie. I try to think of pleasant things but cannot. Then slowly the fever of the power creeps into my bones. I try to keep up with its speed. The noise of the one hundred other machines is lost to me. I hear only my own machine. I seem to see only the bright needle dance rapidly up and down and my thought is to feed it. Suddenly I feel a sharp pain in my side and I stop abruptly. The girls near me look up as the noise of my machine subsides. I resent their interest. Why should it molest them if I wish to stop? They note the angry expression on my face and are silent. I start the machine again but most of my energy is gone. I work slower. I begin to think—forgetting gradually about the work.

I am thinking of Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell" which I have reread the previous evening. Certain strong lines run through my mind and I smile. I begin to feel kinder, bigger in spirit. I really have almost forgotten the work, when suddenly I see black . . . My heart is torn with pain. I have driven the needle into my finger through the nail. One of the girls brings quickly peroxide, bandages. There is a stir, a medley of excited, pain-touched voices, twenty kindly eyes beam sympathy upon me for a few moments, then work resumes as before. Such occurrences are nothing, we are all used to such things here. But in my heart and mind fierce thoughts run riot. I feel hatred and rebellion against everything, especially against those individuals who say, while they rest complacently in some cushioned chair, "Oh, well, it really doesn't matter what one's hands do, the mind can always go soaring."

Only for a few moments my mind "went soaring" and here I am. It is a lie! These dear ladies have never run a power machine where hands and eyes and mind must all coöperate in the dull drudgery or one pays dearly. With such thoughts I begin work again. Soon the bell rings—it is twelve o'clock. Everyone rushes to get out first. We have

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thirty minutes for lunch, and the girls who eat at the cafeteria have their time evenly divided: five minutes to get there (it is a block away), ten minutes to wait in line, ten minutes to eat, and five minutes to get back again. I go out and down for a walk. The sun is shining brightly. What a glorious summer day it still is! I have walked three times around the block and it is time to go up again. Again work begins. The afternoon hours pass slowly. I am nervous, my finger aches. I feel like crying but am ashamed to do so—the other girls so near. At last the bell rings again. This time the girls go out slowly. Tired and angry and irritable, I am now so unlike the girl who lay in bed a little longer this morning. Mother looks at my bandaged finger as I come in and says, "Again?"

I eat supper and start for school. A few hours later I am in bed—my eyes close quickly. My mind is dull now. I only long for sleep. No—there are no dreams woven the last minutes before falling asleep. My feet are ice-cold, and a sigh of relief escapes my lips, for mother has placed a hot-water bottle in my bed. I press my feet close against its kindly warmth and fall to sleep—to wake again—to begin another day so like the days which passed.

(*Two Months Later*)

I have been in the hospital more than a week. The visitors have just left and I lie here perfectly still, watching the daylight merge and blend into night. My window faces the east and I never tire of looking at the hills when I am not in pain. It is wonderfully quiet here. The bed opposite is occupied by a little girl, suffering, I should judge, from underfeeding. She is about ten years of age, with a very childish voice but an old face, and speaks but little. I lie with my eyes half shut, thinking. I allow my imagination to pick up each thought, which is only interrupted by the entrance of the nurse with medicine. When she is in the room I like to watch her. She is a well-built girl about twenty-six years old, with a strong, healthy voice.

Again I turn my eyes toward the hills. There against the darkening sky they have taken on new shape. Suddenly I hear music—at first I think it only my imagination, but soon I hear it distinctly. It is a haunting, yearning sound, suggestive of the sob of the wind above a gray wintry sea. The music awakens hidden strings in my heart. They roar, cry, speak, and into my mind come recollections old and new, but not of happy things. The music seems to come from some cottage near the hospital. Soon the sound changes and with it my mood. Now they are playing something loud and rapid, and through my mind flashes the thought of the city with its clatter and turmoil. I see eternal poverty on one hand and eternal luxury on the other. Again the music changes, but keeping the same strain. I ask, will it ever be thus? Is my dream for a glorious future for mankind only a dream? Oh, how I hate the accursed city with its overcrowded population, vast, unemployed armies, famine, disease and luxury!

Perhaps the music changed again, I do not know, for I fell asleep. Awake again at four-thirty I feel a thrill of glory as I look through the window. The sky above the hills is a fiery red. I glance for the first time at the little girl. She is leaning on her little hands and looking out. "Do you think it is pretty?" I ask. "Oh, yes, ma'm," she answers without taking her eyes from the scene.

"Wonderfully beautiful," I whisper, and try to sit up, but a sharp pain in my side reminds me. I lie down again. Again I think of my days at the factory; of all my comrades in the mills, in the mines, in the cities, who never get a chance to see the glories and beauties of nature, and I wonder how many of them would prefer the pain I feel in order to get the rest—vacation—which I get and see the beauty which I see now. Yes, I know many of them would choose it. This may sound like bitter irony—it really is a farce which breaks the heart.

It is daylight now. Somewhere in the city the sun is trying to enter by stealth, for the high buildings are barring his way. B. K.

In Hospital, Los Angeles, Cal.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Slavic Enigma

SIR: The Slav abroad is compelled to take philosophically the amusing misstatements of various foreign pundits concerning his race, land and culture. But when the most exact THE NEW REPUBLIC gives place to absurd interpretations of those problems, the philosophical shrug of the shoulders heightens into irritation. Your issue of December 11th has caused me to lose my calm twice, a phenomenon both cruel and unusual in my case.

Jolt number one: Mr. Johnson's mythological "Russia's Ireland." Such a pitiful waste of fire and sympathy! In his professorial passion for analogies the writer of that article could have found within the Russian empire more than one Irelandesque region, let us say—Poland, or Finland, or, with some strain, Caucasia. But to apply the same nomenclature to Ukraine is to indulge in analogomania ad absurdum. Little Russia is as much an Ireland of Russia as Arizona is an Ireland of the United States, that is, a purely geographical subdivision. The Ukrainian province has been for centuries an integral part of the empire; if it had any specific features before the seventeenth century, they have vanished under the all-uniting Muscovite sceptre that welded into an indivisible mosaic the numerous independent principalities and free cities of the great plain. In the course of time Great Russia, Little Russia, and White Russia have become uniform parts of the commonwealth, sharing the same national burdens, abuses, ambitions, equally contributing soldiers for the army

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and fighters for the revolutionary movement, equally presenting majorities of almost landless peasants ridden over by minorities of rapacious land-owners. The governors of the Ukrainian provinces of Poltava and Kharkov flogged their peasants not for any separatistic ideas, but for the same reason that Mr. Stolypin, the then governor of the Volga province of Saratov, flogged his peasants—for the demand of soil, the equivalent of which word, *Gemlya,* sounds alike in all Russian dialects from the White Sea to the Black, from the Baltic to the Pacific. Little Russia has no separate territorial or racial problem. Speak to a peasant from Kiev or Chernigov about setting up an Ukrainian government independent of the all-Russian commonwealth, and you will provoke a twinkle in the shrewd brown eyes: "Don't poke fun at me!"

All that talk about autonomy for Little Russia is the product of a propaganda carried on by the Ukrainophiles or Ukrainists, a group of intellectuals who passionately uphold Ukrainian dialect. Thus the sole basis for the claim of autonomy is a linguistic one. Mr. Johnson says: "The Ukrainians are a distinctive people, with a language so different from the Great Russian that a Ukrainian in Petrograd or Moscow is hardly more at home than an Englishman in Berlin." Another fallacy of analogizing; and this analogy is as far from truth as the first one. The "language" of the Little Russians is a dialect slightly differing from the Muscovite speech, the standard Russian; there are scores of dialectic peculiarities in the empire, as there are in this country. The Great Russian pronounces *dyevka* (girl), and *pyesnya* (song), which will not prevent him from understanding the Little Russian who softens those words into *deevka* and *peesyna.* Think of American secessions on the basis of incompatibility between "girl," and "goirl," or "gal!" It is true that the literary language of the Galician Ruthenians is a peculiar Slavic tongue; but I know from experience that a Little Russian fails to understand Ruthenian literature, which sounds stranger to him than Great Russian. To the Little Russian his dialect is a sign of social and intellectual inferiority, and he gets rid of it as soon as he acquires some culture or even urban polish. The Ukrainian dialect is rapidly disappearing in the cities of Little Russia; it is used among the rural population, in vaudevilles and cabarets. True, the passing of the dialect is partly due to the governmental policy of ruthless Russification, but this does not change the fact of its passing. Had the Ukrainian dialect had a raison d'être, it would have suffered from Russification as little as Polish or Finnish or Yiddish have, which means that it would have grown in strength and productivity. Yet Little Russia produced in the last century only one good poet who wrote in the dialect—Shevchenko, whereas to the Russian literature it has given many brilliant names, such as Gogol, Korolenko, Potapenko, Vovchok. The process of Russification is evidently due to causes deeper than governmental compulsion. If the empire will disintegrate into a federation of small states, Little Russia will doubtless form a separate unit on a geographic basis, but not for any ethnic or linguistic reasons.

I had intended to hurl brimstone against another of THE NEW REPUBLIC pillars, "F. H.," for his unpardonable misconception of Przybyszewski's "Homo Sapiens." That he should have missed the real issue of the book and demonstrated ordinary fun-making of a Homo Americanus, is a personal insult to me, for some time ago I wrote about F. H. as the unrivalled book-reviewer in this country. But since my indignation has been discharged on the first victim, I shall spare F. H. The interested reader will find in the December issue of the *Little Review* an extensive appreciation of "Homo Sapiens." I challenge the editor's fairness to strike out the last sentence.

ALEXANDER S. KAUN.

Chicago.

[NOTE: What Mr. Kaun offers is the characteristic doctrine of the Great Russians and the Russified ruling and middle classes of the Ukraine. Mr. Kaun is in accord with the Russian censor who in 1887 forbade the publication of a Little Russian grammar on the ground that "it would be impossible to print the grammar of a language doomed to extinction." The Imperial Russian Academy of Sciences in 1905 officially recognized Ukrainian as an independent language, not a dialect of Great Russian. Paul Milukoff, Professor of History at the University of Petrograd, formerly of the University of Chicago, whose scientific integrity is recognized as unimpeachable, clearly implies in his remarks in the Duma, February 24th, 1914, that a strong nationalist movement exists in the Ukraine, and offers proof that the revival of the Ukrainian tongue is not a matter of a "few intellectuals." That the authors of the Ukraine have not chosen that tongue as a medium of publication is easily explained. Ukrainian is not taught in the schools of Russia, and the vast majority who know only Ukrainian are illiterate—a most unpromising market for published works. Moreover, permission to publish in Ukrainian has been very grudgingly granted by the censor, and often denied.

Mr. Kaun informs us that the words for "land" and "song" are the same or nearly the same for Great Russian and for Little Russian. The words for "land" and "sing" are also nearly the same for German and English. As further proof that the Ukrainian will have no difficulty in making himself understood in Moscow, Mr. Kaun tells us that the two tongues conspire in applying the word *dyevka* to "girl." Yes, but the word that means "charming" in Ukrainian means "ugly" in Great Russian. The chances of misunderstanding there would appear to be considerable. But this is to quibble. Mr. Kaun quibbles, too, when he produces isolated words, elementary proof of kinship of languages, as proof of identity of language. He is gambling on the chance that the reader will be very inexpert in philological method.

The real question at issue, however, is not linguistic but political and sociological. Is it desirable that the minority languages be obliterated, leaving a few great languages to divide the world among them? Bureaucratic imperialists are always inclined toward homogeneity of language. So also are the commercialized liberals, who see in diversity of speech only obstacles to trade. Men who believe in democracy, on the other hand, recognize in distinct languages, thoroughly dominant upon their natural soil, a defense against encroachment on the part of greater alien peoples. Men who regard the world's cultural stock as more important than its stock of exchangeable wealth are also inclined toward the preservation of minority languages.

A. S. J.]

The Civil War Analogy

SIR: The communication of Mr. Hilaire Belloc appearing in your issue of December 25th strikes me, a citizen of English birth and training, as what may be called a chunk of reality suddenly appearing in surroundings perhaps a little unfamiliar. There is, I think, very much more in this war than meets the eye—even the instructed eye. In order to reach the controlling opinion we shall

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need that vision without which we are told the people perish. You will readily recall the challenge of Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite, from the mists of antiquity: "That which I see not, teach thou me." If we are not prepared to perceive that there is present in this world a controlling moral scheme of things, we shall find ourselves in the condition of the horse and the mule, which have no understanding. It is highly creditable to you that you should be shocked at the purpose of the Allies as stated by Mr. Belloc, which is perhaps somewhat less severe than your own interpretation of it. That purpose is to reduce the enemy to impotence: precisely the purpose of the United States with regard to the Southern Confederacy. It was not that we wished to do this, or that we hated the South, but that we had to do it. Our Civil War was waged directly to prevent secession, but behind secession was the purpose of the people of the Southern states to continue doing something quite outside what I have called the moral scheme of things—reducing human beings, of any sort or condition, to the status of chattels. It is now generally seen that this could not be, but there were those who could see it before a shot had been fired. Any kind of human being is of infinite dignity and value: that is, there is no virtue or excellence in heaven or on earth of which he is not capable, and the thing could not be tolerated on any ground or in any guise.

CHARLES J. IVIMEY.

New York City.

To Encourage Parenthood

SIR: Like the writer of an open letter to the rich, appearing in a recent issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC, I am a teacher and a parent, and in the second capacity very well satisfied with my—or rather our—achievement, but withal dissuaded from a repetition of the performance by economic considerations. Yet it would not have occurred to me to write that letter had I been able to do so. For one thing I am deeply impressed with the indifference and stupidity of the class addressed on all matters not immediately associated with its main concern in life—the becoming and remaining rich. I would not thus wish to render myself ridiculous by such Quixotic behavior. Nor am I so certain of my eugenic theories as to designate the class best predestined to procreation. I find among my own pupils that several children whose parents make a living in the liquor traffic are in all ways admirable. Shall we enlarge the earnings of this class in order that more of such offspring shall bless the earth? I have observed also that philosophers do not always beget philosophers; but supposing that we schoolmasters are to be assigned a favorable position economically—that is, possess a greater income in order that we may do more for posterity than we are now doing for it—shall we not find ourselves bidding against one another for a place in the sun until our wages are driven down to near their present level in conformity with the law of wages that we studied in Economics I?

Perhaps I am excessively critical of the idea, so I shall proceed to a practical suggestion. If your contributor's point of view has merit in it, its realization must come along lines tried or seriously considered. I will suggest therefore that its realization is possible only through invoking the taxing power of the state to yield a fund the proceeds of which are to be employed as follows:

First, the payment to the parents of a new-born child the sum of one hundred dollars to defray cost and reward the effort.

Secondly, the payment of a pension of one hundred dollars per annum for each child born, to its parents or guardian for a period of sixteen years from birth, with stringent rules as to the education and health of the child.

Thirdly, an allowance sufficient to guarantee to each youth an academic or technical education or his establishment in a suitable occupation—this under strict regulation. To meet the very considerable outlay under these heads, a graduated income or property tax at a rate much higher than is now employed must be resorted to. The rich *en masse* cannot be reached otherwise. Such financial relief would do much to satisfy the present disinclination of parents in moderate circumstances to the rearing of children.

L. A. CHASE.

Houghton, Mich.

[Mr. Chase says he is not so certain of his "eugenic theories as to designate the class best predestined to procreation." I am certain enough of my eugenic theories to feel confident that no such class ever did, or, as far as I can see, ever will, exist. If I ever had any doubts on that head, they were dissipated on the day when I saw the most beautiful child on whom I have ever laid eyes, in as vile a slum tenement in New York as I ever entered. And what is true of classes is equally true of professions. Mr. Chase seems to discover in my letter a plea for special privileges for teachers (at least he himself speaks of "we schoolmasters" being "assigned a favored position economically")—certainly I never intended anything of the sort. When I declared at the beginning of my letter my belief that the rich are "pretty much like men and women the world over," I meant precisely what I said. I meant the statement to include not merely millionaires, schoolmasters and paupers, but butchers, bakers, candlestick-makers, saloon-keepers and philosophers, as well. So far from asking for any special favors for anybody, the whole point of my letter was the demand that such favors be abolished. At least, that a beginning be made toward their abolition.

If there were any evidence that those who are now most economically favored were correspondingly interested in children and the future of the race, the situation might be less open to criticism. If we knew that our millionaires were burning the midnight oil committing to memory long passages of Wordsworth or greedily consuming the last treatise on eugenics, if we knew that the wives of our millionaires were neglecting their social aspirations in order to bring more children into the world and to ensure ideal home conditions for their upbringing, I, for one, should feel disposed to suspend criticism and see the experiment through. But there is no such evidence. The millionaires are not "best predestined to procreation." Neither are the schoolmasters, nor the saloon-keepers. The only persons so predestined of whom I have ever heard are the men and women who are genuinely in love with each other and who have a strong mutual desire for children. Some of these persons are to be found among the millionaires and some among the dwellers in the slums, some among the schoolmasters and some among the saloon-keepers.

But who is going to be wise enough to pick these persons out? No one. They must pick themselves out. And they can do this only under conditions of more general economic equality.

This plainly involves much more than the endowment of parenthood that Mr. Chase suggests. For my own part, I confess at the outset an instinctive antipathy to any such proposal. Instincts, however, are often prejudices of the

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worst type. I shall try to keep my mind open on this subject. But at present my reason coincides with my instinct—for the dangling in front of parents' eyes of anything even remotely suggestive of a bribe for begetting children is pregnant with ominous possibilities. The evil in the present situation is the subordination of human to economic considerations. We must not repeat that error in our remedy. The problem is to give the desire for children free play, not to tempt it or stimulate it falsely.

More general economic equality will help accomplish this result both positively and negatively, for it will immensely accelerate two tendencies: first, the tendency in those parts of the community where propagation is still on a purely animal basis to place it under control of the human will; and secondly, the tendency to cut off automatically the reproduction of those who prize ease and pleasure more than they do children. Could an arrangement more auspicious for the future of the race be readily conceived?

In granting desirable parents this opportunity to have more children, doubtless we may be compelled to give undesirable parents an opportunity to waste an increased income on themselves. But that will be a very different thing from the present selfish extravagance of many of the rich. It will be worth the cost. No price is too high to pay for an improvement in quality of the next generation over our own.

As to the attainment of more general economic quality, a first step toward it can be made by lopping off the most grotesque and idiotic forms of unearned incomes. Income and inheritance taxes may have to play their parts in this process as immediate makeshifts. The real remedy, however, is to close the doors on the opportunity of making such fortunes in the first place.

But I am letting myself be led off by the very red herring against which I raised a warning in my original letter. To Mr. Chase or to anyone else who thinks it is essential to explain *how* the economic aspect of this problem is to be adjusted, I recommend the following wise observation of John Stuart Mill: "They who can succeed in creating a general persuasion that a certain social fact of any kind deserves to be preferred, have made nearly the most important step which can possibly be taken toward ranging the powers of society on its side." Convert the human will until it actually as well as sentimentally places the babies rather than the incomes at the center, and the economic waters of the world will flow almost of themselves into channels of race betterment. If the end is genuinely decreed, never fear about the means. The human will can make water run up hill.

JOHN LINCOLN.]

England's Negative Responsibility

SIR: The conclusion to Mr. George Louis Beer's interesting narrative of the Anglo-German negotiations in 1914, in your issue of December 18th, viz., that Great Britain is negatively responsible for the war because of a total lack of military preparation to meet it, is surely fallacious. It necessarily postulates a quiescent Germany while Great Britain got ready. Mr. Beer does indeed admit, parenthetically, as it were, that "adequate military preparation might have been provocative in Germany." In the light of Germany's conduct during the last eighteen months it would seem quite safe to be certain about it.

And the abstract proposition that if a ferocious thug attacks me because I am unarmed, therefore I am negatively responsible for my hurt and his too, puts a fine premium upon thugism for all. By the same argument, France, Belgium and Russia are "negatively responsible" also, because they were not more formidable to Germany.

But there is one very good reason why Great Britain did not make "adequate military preparation"; the British nation would not support it. Even to-day, after sixteen months of war, conscription is strenuously resisted. How could the British government have advocated such military preparation at the same time that it was sending Lord Haldane to Berlin to propose limitation of armament? (I can hear the howl of derision throughout the world at "English hypocrisy.") How could it have convinced the British electorate of the necessity of such preparation without assuming on the one hand Germany's violation of Belgium, and on the other the inadequacy of preparedness by France and Russia, plus also an assumption of the incompetency of the British navy? On what other grounds does Mr. Beer think a policy of preparedness could have been advocated "in the full view of the public eye?"

Great Britain was admittedly pacifist and conciliatory. To have been bellicose also, and thereby to have run the risk of precipitating the very catastrophe she desired to avert, would have been not only culpable but stupid.

J. R. CHARTER.

New York City.

[The concluding sentences to which Mr. Charter objects are actually far more moderate than his paraphrase of them. They merely stated that to the extent that the Liberal government failed to prepare in time against Germany's onslaught on the freedom of Europe, "England must bear a certain degree of negative responsibility for the war." This responsibility—entirely different in extent and nature from that of Germany—was then explained to be comparable to that of the individual who subjects those of self-confessed aggressive purposes to temptation. The analogy is not to the individual unexpectedly assaulted by an unknown thug, but rather to the man who, otherwise preoccupied, thoughtlessly allows others of recognized bad record and avowed predatory purposes to remain in the way of removable temptation. Neither in the body of the article nor in the concluding paragraph was the slightest criticism made of the honesty of England's motives. The moral drawn was that pacifism did not prevent the war and that British statesmanship was faulty. As its main purpose was to avert a European war, Sir Edward Grey's policy cannot be characterized as anything but a dire failure. Whether his, or a pacifist Cabinet's, was the fault, is another question. And it was a failure primarily because it was, as Professor Keutgen of Hamburg dubbed it, a *Politik der Schwaeche*. Its conciliatory nature, coupled with a lack of preparation, convinced Germany that in the impending war England would hold aloof. The Liberal government cannot legitimately plead failure to perceive Germany's intentions on the ground advanced by Kipling that "men don't do such things" as the Germans have done, for leading members of the government have since the war frankly admitted that they realized the menacing nature of the situation. But they not only refused to face the unwelcome facts and to enlighten the people, but they further proclaimed that the peril was illusory and denounced those who demanded adequate defenses as dangerous mischief-makers. While no one can assert dogmatically that the war would have been averted if Germany had known that a more or less prepared England would unquestionably oppose an attack upon France and Russia, the probabilities certainly favor this conclusion.—G. L. B.]

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Books and Things

WHAT, I ask you to speculate, would be the sensations of the public if a journal should print quite candid literary criticism. I do not suppose the experiment has ever been tried. A candid world would be unbearable. It would be intolerably egoistic. I, for one, should not care to live in it. But for a brief hour I'd like to see all the critics in a given issue pour our their innermost souls. The sudden change from the institutional way of saying things to the personal way of saying them would, I guarantee, be an incredible novelty. The drilled reader would certainly not care for it. Complete physical nakedness is not shocking to most people at the proper time and place. Just before going to bed, the average man does not advert to his nakedness. As he sits pensively on his bedside, his mind roams over his sins or his grievances or his prospects, but never over the fact that he is naked. Yet once let him realize that an eye is upon him, an unexpected eye across the way, and he is suddenly all conscious of his unprotected skin. Perhaps he had vaguely scratched himself as he sat there. He is suddenly painfully aware how unrefined it is to scratch. And so with the mind. If an eye peers at its nakedness, it runs immediately over its wardrobe, and picks out the nearest of wrappers. But critical minds without their wrappers on—I should like to behold them. I should like for a time to see the personal rather than the institutional curves.

In the criticism I like most there is, I admit, a great degree of this candor. Charles Lamb has it, George Moore, Anatole France, Max Beerbohm, Frank Harris, W. B. Yeats, Arnold Bennett, Henry James a little, Tolstoy a great deal. But just because the institutional critics hold back their private emotions, the personal critics are at a disadvantage. They appear to be less weighty, less responsible, less serious. They are willing to give themselves away. How superior, tactically, the authoritarian who refuses to be bored by a classic. How lofty the consecration to something above and beyond the personal will. But only occasionally I believe in it. Only occasionally I experience it. For the most part, as I examine myself, I realize this deference is a sham.

Conceive for a moment what might happen if a judge afflicted with a hidden race prejudice were suddenly obliged to reveal his real mind. He might seem to be pondering impartially, balancing argument against argument, a wondrous approximation to the scales. But behind the judicial mask he might be personally musing: "He's a slick Jew, all right, but I wish he wouldn't shout. I'm not surprised Freddie made him a partner, though. They've got the goods. We don't marry 'em yet but we will. For all I know his son at Harvard is a nice curly-haired young Jew, all silk and a yard wide. I wonder how I'd like it if Sallie wanted to marry him. It's not at all impossible. I may easily be grandfather to that fellow's grandchild. 'Henry, my goot friendt, you have not met your new sister, Mrs. Schwartzbaum'—I guess I wouldn't like it for a cent." And if such unspoken thoughts of a Christian would be shocking, what of an equal candor in the Jew? I once knew a case of it. There was a gentleman of much hauteur, officer of the army, dignitary of the crown, in charge of a widow's estate. This personage was not so punctilious in his agency as he should have been. He was, in short, a thief. The artistocracy to which he belonged, however, flung over him its protective sanctuary purple. But his dishonesty outraged a brave lady who had married into that aristocracy. She was a Jewess. And having tried in vain to bring him to book through his own class she one day wrote a quite simple and candid letter about his dishonesty to a newspaper. The brain is not yet evolved which could register accurately the violent institutional convulsions that ensued. It was painful. It was kaleidographic. It was immense. But a lady, they thought, should not have done it to a Custos Rotolorum and Justice of the Peace. And for some nonsensical years there were two persons the less at garden parties, one the widow's exploiter and the other the widow's protector.

An affair so mild as literary criticism cannot give such personal scandal, but candor in criticism would nevertheless offend. There are books that exalt and stimulate their critic as a woman stimulates her lover or a child its parent. There is no necessity to spur attention, no necessity to combat distaste. But most books do not so capture their attendant. There is a conflict, often impatient and implacable, a conflict which in the review is disguised. It is this conflict which should be confessed if there were candor, in all its nakedness and unsuspected guilts. The guilts might be the author's, but they might equally well be the critic's. And in proportion as the critic knew himself, realized his inadequacy to the great institutionalism of criticism, I believe he would be inclined to lay bare his own errancy of judgment. Not that he would be modest. It would not be a question of modesty. It would simply be a question of adhering without sham to his own indolences and sentimentalisms and hardnesses and softnesses and gaps and obscurities of heart and head.

Take, for example, the placid and orderly exterior that is offered by the reviews of the New York *Nation*. When I think of them in lump, excluding the reviews of Stuart Sherman, I think of "your college professor, with a starched shirt and spectacles." William James said "Tolstoy would be completely blind in despising him for a prig, a pedant, and a parody." Yet I feel him to be all of these as he writes reviews for the *Nation*, leaving out as he does the revelatory turmoil and disorder in which criticism is really conceived. For no critic, not even Paul Elmer More, whose tissue is now built up of well-masticated masterpieces, is the authority he represents himself to be. Critics vary. Some of them really know a lot. I believe Mr. More himself has gone out beyond many engaging experiences that glib new critics take to be eternal truth. But if Mr. More should attempt complete candor, I venture to believe he would be startling. Bereft of his starched shirt and spectacles, he would be seen to be a man.

By a "man" one probably means a fallible mortal, a bluffer, a hypocrite, an insecure and inexperienced adventurer, a child born naked into the world every morning of his life. Reunited to one's institution, one's infallibility speedily returns, and it is convenient to have it. But it does disguise the limitations that a person knows within himself. At the beginning of a man's life, before he is taken up into an institution, he is aware of all this. But after he dons a uniform of authority the luxury of candor is denied. Conformity is perhaps needed for a smoothly running world, and by striving to articulate the machinery an approximation to candor may be made. It may even be better to have the machinery in the end, better for truth, than to allow the impulsive will its way. But there are times when one would like everyone, especially the young, to know the immense deceptions of the whole elaborate contrivance. Under the starched bosom of the world there is a heart very different from the heart that the bosom advertises. We know it, but the man who speaks it is a traitor to the principalities of starch. F. H.

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The Permanent War

The House on Henry Street, by Lillian D. Wald. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.00 net.

FOR certain persons the poor do not exist. Whether they be money-bags or aesthetes, diplomats or suburbanites, these persons are able to travel on the ship of life utterly indifferent to the special conditions of steerage. But excluding such persons, looking only to those who are really aware of poverty, what can they do for it? There is a mood common in Russian fiction, a mood at once sensitive and impotent, in which the sea of troubles tosses the ship of life, steerage and all. Are these the alternatives, callousness or frantic despair?

There appears to be another alternative. It does not exist where poverty is taken as the will of a disciplinary God, nor does it exist where poverty is taken as doomed by the obduracy of man. It is an alternative born of science, the father of modern sociology.

"We live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance," Huxley once observed, "and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it. To do this effectually it is necessary to be fully possessed of only two beliefs: the first, that the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited; the second, that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events."

However the complacent may deny it, Huxley's premise is sound. The ignorance and the misery are plain. The duty, in any decent social philosophy, is also plain. But how to perform this duty effectually? The imagination flounders so long as one refuses Huxley's beliefs, but with those beliefs imagination clarifies. It is first necessary to ascertain the conditions accessible to you, and then with that knowledge to set about exercising some control.

The name "social settlement" suggests to some Americans an utterly sentimental relation to the poor. It suggests an attempt to paint the wound of poverty with a camel's hair brush dipped in a weak solution of Ruskin, Prince Kropotkin and Florence Nightingale. It suggests young ladies with weak eyes and young gentlemen with weak chins fluttering confusedly among heterogeneous foreigners, offering cocoa and sponge cake as a sort of dessert to the factory system they deplore. It suggests a rootless flower stuck with romantic incongruity in the mud. It suggests, in short, a womanly effort to pave the hell of poverty with the very prettiest of intentions.

How completely different the actual settlement may be, how near to the scientist's prescription and the scientist's faith, anyone who reads "The House on Henry Street" is forced to admit. If it is sentimental to be humanitarian, then Miss Wald is sentimental. She certainly had the object that Huxley defines, the aim to make the corner she could influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before she entered it. But the method she employed in being humanitarian or sentimental was not the one ascribed to Don Quixote. It was a method which, from the vantage point of the settlement, sought out above everything the "order" of nature, and having ascertained the order, made volition count.

Settlements are primarily suspected of lacking order. They are deemed to chase the poisonous mosquitoes of poverty without ever seeking to drain the swamps. The very fact that they are established in pest-ridden zones strengthens the notion that they aim to apply palliatives. And with exaggeration a little deliberate, settlement workers are regarded as rather revelling in their benighted areas, as clergymen might be said to revel in the inviting heathenism of foreign missions. A missionary taint, indeed, is detected in the settlement.

But all of these notions and suspicions are scattered to the winds by this record of the Henry Street Settlement. About twenty years ago Miss Wald was a New York nurse with an aspiration "to be of use in some way." One particular instance of tenement squalor and waste and degradation revealed her opportunity amid the dense industrial population of Henry Street. She left the laboratory of medical research to enter the laboratory of human research, to ascertain at first hand the conditions accessible to a worker against the effects of poverty. And as she ascertained them she organized one agency after another, private and public, to exert control.

When Miss Wald started out to "nurse the poor" in New York, visiting or district nurses were accessible only through sectarian organizations or the free dispensary. Home treatment being vastly more desirable than institutional treatment in children's diseases, Miss Wald attacked this one fortress of ignorance and misery almost single-handed. And to-day she has a staff "large enough to answer calls from the sick anywhere in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, and the calls in the year 1913-14 came from nearly 1,100 more patients than the combined total of those treated during the same period in three of the large hospitals in New York." It was by living in a settlement that Miss Wald discerned so clearly this need.

When Miss Wald and Miss Brewster began their visiting they encountered numerous children "excluded from school for medical reasons—" cheerfully excluded into illiteracy. By working with the Department of Health and the Department of Education, nurses were enrolled "to reverse the object of medical inspection from excluding the children from school to keeping the children in the classroom and under treatment." "Out of this innovation New York City's Bureau of Child Hygiene has grown. The Department of Health now employs 650 nurses for its hospital and preventive work. Of this number 374, in the year 1914, were engaged for the Bureau of Child Hygiene." This communal service was suggested by experience gained from Henry Street.

Living in the midst of a dense child population, Miss Wald discovered innumerable unsatisfied needs and innumerable wanton social injuries. She developed opportunities for play in the neighborhood. She organized street playgrounds and helped in the establishment of a theatre. She was instrumental in founding a hall for dances and meetings away from the tough saloon. She led a community to meet the problem of sex education. She made plans for vocational training. She discovered means for helping defectives to an education. She set afoot a movement for the protection of child workers. She learned the need for trade unions among girl workers and was a member of the Protocol in the garment trades. All these methods of alleviating misery and remedying ignorance came to her through the contacts of the settlement. She was a woman who had never even heard of a trade union when she went to Henry Street. But direct experience educated her, and she in turn educated those higher up. "The experience of the social worker is often utilized by the state."

"It is significant," says Miss Wald, "that few, if any, of the men and women who have had extended op-

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portunity for social contact with the foreigner favor a further restriction of immigration." This to me is the most striking sentence in her book. In asking for "an affirmative policy of protection, distribution, and assimilation," she asks for what the settlement itself has worked for. That is natural. But in bespeaking the foreigner, unrestricted, she pays the final tribute to that humanity for which she has labored and about which she has shown such indefatigable energy, such solicitude and such resource.

It is as an executive Miss Wald impresses me. Her book has no particular mood. It is inexpert in its anecdotes of the neighborhood, somewhat commonplace in its style and somewhat temporizing in many of its judgments. But it is, for all that, a magnificent record of volition. What Miss Wald learned from her settlement was germinal. From single instances of Jewish or Russian or Italian misadventure in New York she extracted, time and again, the lesson that had communal application, and she never seems to have rested until she ordered the way for happier solutions. This kind of statesmanship deserves unbounded praise. There are people who talk blandly about the "survival of the fit," who are quite eager to detect some ordinance in the ways of nature, to eulogize the merry spark that accomplishes a forest fire. But the curse of septic midwivery, of trachoma, of needless illiteracy, of tenement factories, makes no "survival" appeal to the social worker. These things, as Miss Wald has shown, are hideous to their victims, eventually profitless to the world. They are not merely by-products of poverty. They *are* poverty. And in removing them Miss Wald has removed poverty, has made men and Americans of the despised. Other and wider devices undoubtedly remain. The social settlement is chiefly an experimental station. But the house Miss Wald and Miss Brewster founded was an experimental station of astonishing service to America. And it is well that Miss Wald has written, and Mr. Phillips so touchingly illustrated, such a thrilling story of immigrants understood, valued and given a stake in their community.

F. H.

Japanese Literature of To-day

IN their ardent pursuit of modern ideals some of our Japanese writers have lost their style and mental equipoise, the former being more important for literature than the latter. A writer of the type of Yoshu Mizuno writes as though he was an Andreyeff in Hades, and others adapt the caustic style of Guy de Maupassant without the Frenchman's sensuality and other merits. Japanese naturalism! What a queer combination of two incongruous words! They almost remind me of "Wagnerian harmony." Well, the fact remains that a majority of Japanese writers are now naturalist. And to be naturalist means to them to write a stiff, cold sentence with an awkward English word injected here and there, to treat their characters as part of the furniture regardless of their toothache or heartache. Katai Tayama, Hakucho Masanune, Shusui Tokuda, these three prominent novelists of naturalism publish their numerous short stories now in the leading magazines of Japan. Katai's masterpiece, "The Bed-Quilts," would tell you all the surface details of a man who was deserted by his dear sweet wife, planned and executed with the minuteness, accuracy, and intelligence of a surgeon in literature. So tormenting is the mad longing of the poor devil that the bed-quilts of his wife become a divine object of his piety and spiritual adoration. Mr. Katai stealthily leads us to the hero's chamber where we are shown the maniac bending over the quilts to imprint a kiss. Toson Shimasaki is another one of those disillusioned writers of modern Japan. In his "House" he gave us a voluminous treatise on the family lineage of an author, in whom passion is thwarted. The hero comes in the end to hold his niece's hand, only to drop it soon at the sound of the footsteps of Conscience. Mr. Toson is now in Paris, listening to the distant shriek of German shrapnels.

As in many things, Japanese experimentation in foreign literature ceases with experimentation. It is one thing to know how naturalism crept in among us and it is quite another to notice how Beauty silently folded her tent and stole away from us. When Doppo Kunikida wrote a story under the title of "A Bamboo Gate," in which a woman hangs herself after being discovered stealing a piece of charcoal, (does this remind you of de Maupassant?) naturalism had its virtue of sincerity. As a literary tendency it made modest pretensions to do away with the old homicidal instinct of Bakin, the grewsome tricks of Kioden, the impossible love-affairs of Shinsui, the suicidal mania of Chikamatsu, and as a moral influence it had no less a program than to demolish life-lies, tea-talks and stone-worshippings. In fine, it stood for a socialism of letters. That was some years ago. Then Guy de Maupassant died, Ibsen died, and our poor Doppo fell. In the meanwhile Japanese naturalists published an enormous quantity of books, in which they strangled Buddha, chopped the nose of Loa Tze, starved Confucius for the second time, and then brought back the homicidal, grewsome, eroto-maniac, suicidal method of the old masters in the name of human document. As a French novelist said, "Modern novels became a torture" for us. When we accepted naturalism in our literature we did it out of the same curiosity and courtesy as that we showed in giving our gold to a horde of Dutchmen for its corresponding weight in silver, and it seems we made poor bargain in both cases. Naturalism will not live long in Japan. And this all happened because we did not recognize the nonentity of the term naturalism, which was only an obscure refuge of the French journalist who was too busy to invent such technique as Flaubertism, Turgenieffism, or Maupassantism. Even to this day some of our writers do not realize that naturalism died with the author of "Une Vie."

Let Theocritus weep, we are still proud of having one Democritus with us. Soseki Natsume did not come back empty from his study abroad. The tradition is that Japanese literature very seldom smiles. "I Am a Cat" by the aforesaid writer appeared in our literature to relieve the long strain of lachrymose history with a thoughtful, cynical smile—a smile, at any rate. It is the biography of a nameless cat residing in the home of an absent-minded professor. The cat is baptized in a gutter of Tokio and saves himself from the hands of a brusque student with an enormous stomach and a big stick trying to pay him a compliment, which marks the first episode of the feline career. He goes into the professor's house and observes the ingenuity and prejudice of that somnolent specimen of humanity, and there he stays in spite of his tastes and philosophy, and the story runs on agilely until he dies, poisoned like a Socrates. Cats are not as smilable creatures as dogs, so the difference between Soseki's book and that of M. Anatole France lies mainly in the nature of their smile, the difference of mewing smile and barking smile. Soseki is a passable scholar of psychology and lately showed a Paul Bourget in *kimono* in his "Heart."

Shoken Kamitsukasa is one of those able writers who

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can be classed in England as a gloomy writer, in America a pessimist, therefore a humorist in Japan. His latest important work is a story, "My Father's Marriage," the title telling the tale little better than the author.

There are many original writers in Japan, if writers can be original; among them, we have strong faith in such men as Miyekichi Suzuki, Kioka Izumi, and Sohei Morita. Mr. Suzuki's debut, "The Story of Plover," had won him a title of neo-romanticist, which meant he was a plausible artist. Mr. Suzuki has his whimsicality, he has those wafting colors and warm touches which make a book artistic and readable. It is an island tale starting with the languidness of a dying day, just from the moment when a deaf-and-dumb girl shows her pearly teeth against the setting sun, yawning. The readers begin from Onaga's yawning and finish the book with a sigh, the intricate, exquisite love-affair letting them forget their tea-cups. But Mr. Suzuki is naturalistic when he tells the tale of "The Lambs" and "The Red Bird." Kioka Izumi is a transcendentalist with a color-pot. His best story is "The Sage of Koya." An acolyte goes a-pilgrimaging to the famous temple. He meets a Japanese Circe there and several gnomes of impossible description, which are her victims enchanted by her beauty. This enchantress is an old temptation in disguise; monks do not like temptation in any form; there begins a terrific struggle. And the story ends in the style that they always end in any Buddhistic country. In things grotesque, fanciful, ultra-daimonic and beautiful Mr. Kioka's talent is unexcelled. Sohei Morita is something half between a naturalist and a romanticist. He describes the heart of geisha-girls with a considerable skill.

After naturalism drove away beauty from their camp, several new writers pitched a tent for her and kow-towed her in. These are the decadant and symbolist tribe and the students of the Mita-Literary Journal. To-day, as you walk on the streets of Tokio, you will often notice a café under a dreamy willow-tree, built alongside a temple with an old sloping roof. You will wonder why the great glass windows are lit so ostentatiously by electricity and you will remark how a bottle of absinthe stands beneath a sanguineous onslaught of Futurist portraits, while the innumerable relics of feudal age still sing a confused medley around the house. Your wonder becomes a mild reproach when you discover so many of them in all parts of Tokio. These cafés are the Quartier Latin of Japan, the new abode of the native muse. From one of those windows you will sometime hear a poet chanting his own poem. It might happen that you will hear Mr. Hakushu Kitahara reciting his "Kiss:"

A woman came, a woman, flushing, breathless!
I shuddered and felt a fear pass over me,
Then an innocent *kuruma*-lily by my side
Crimsoned, trembled, suddenly brightening;
And the dragon-fly sat still, for the wind was dead.
I recoiled with a strange fever,
But a firm, moist hand held me tight,
With a horrible kiss on my lip.
What a torturous shame and love!
The grasses stir not, and a tiny grasshopper,
Under the sultry drying sun, takes a joyous fright.

Italian physiologists always deny that the Japanese practice this Occidental etiquette between lovers, but we cannot hide that many strange things are happening in this hazardous time of European conflict beneath the sacred Fuji.

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Said Oscar Wilde: "All art is immoral." True, it always is. But in the case of our writers they seem to translate his epigram upside down and read aloud: "All immorality is art." Kafu Nagai, Jinichiro Tanizaki, Osada, are those who mischievously imported the new aestheticism. Where naturalism failed they professed to amend, even restoring the lucid charm of Yamato language by dipping it in their rose-madder. They are extremely delicate, fastidious, sensual, and you may be assured that their adventures are the dreamy explorations in the realm of rouge and blood, principally laid in the gaol of the past, Yedo, where realists and naturalists hold no key.

A few other profiles: against the disturbed background of hasty literary *hara-kiri* and aesthetic nirvana the clear feature of the old craftsman Rohan Koda stands with something of a Mephistophelian smile. His first masterpiece still lives with us. "An Artful Buddha!" A typically Japanese tale, lofty, sympathetic and clean in handling. A sculptor falls in love with a flower-girl on his way to Nara, but on the point of their marriage news arrives from Tokio telling that the girl was the daughter of a count. Unlike some Japanese women, she leaves him and marries a prince. The morose artist takes to carving her image on a block of wood. Finally, the woman in the wood speaks to him as in a dream. He is already stiff and cold among the shavings when the innkeeper helps him up. Mr. Rohan is old; lately he received the degree of Doctor of Literature from the government, and that is the true sign of senility in Japan.

Besides Rohan there are several novelists to whom the coming and going of naturalism does not concern much.

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They are Fuyo Oguri, Kenjiro Tokutomi, Ogai Mori, Shoyo Tsubouchi, and Gensai Murai. Fuyo is one of the able disciples of the late Koyo Ozaki, the first realist in Meiji. Fuyo's field was that where the newcomer naturalists ravaged and devastated. His "Renbo Nagashi" and "Transient Love" almost remind one of some of Turgenieff's love-stories. Kenjiro Tokutomi lately published "The Foolish Gossip of an Earth-Worm" which runs now into the fiftieth edition. It is nothing but a collection of the diaries of his rural life as a practical Tolstoian. The whole book can be reduced to two words: "Work—Live," but what attracts the Japanese public about him is his sincerity, emotional life, truculent spirit that seeks the final issue of life bravely. His are what Americans call "the best-sellers" of Japan. Ogai Mori took his last shelter in the present *mêlée* of letters in writing back the emotional history of Japan. We Japanese always provide some work for old writers, while they may become bankers or bankrupt in America. So follows Shoyo with his semi-educational dramatic institution and his semi-classical dramas! And as to the last-named gentleman, a venerable writer with a felicitous spirit and unreadable novels, Mr. Gensai Murai! . . . Well, he is compiling a cook-book.

HEROICHIRO K. MYDERCO.

One Determinant

Civilization and Climate, by Ellsworth Huntington. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50 net.

THE relation of the physical to the psychic, of matter to mind, is a question of paramount importance. Professor Huntington of Yale, author of "The Pulse of Asia," has contributed much to define the environmental considerations involved. In his latest work, "Civilization and Climate," he takes up the case of environment in its climatic aspect.

It is a well-known fact that Europeans and Americans, unaccustomed to tropical regions, find great difficulty in keeping their performance at the normal level of excellence. This, however, is vague, and Professor Huntington in his search for more convincing proof of climatic influence adopts a statistical method. He has collected data on the efficiency of some five hundred factory operatives in New Haven, New Britain and Bridgeport (Conn.), of 3,000-4,000 operatives in southern cities from Virginia to Florida, and of 1,700 students of the United States Naval Academy at Anapolis, and the Military Academy at West Point. The results of this survey, supported by similar data from Denmark and Japan, indicate that the winter and the summer are not the periods of highest efficiency, but the spring and the autumn, and that minima of efficiency occur at certain periods in midwinter and midsummer. It also appears that certain combinations of heat, cold, dryness and humidity are highly favorable, while others are less so. Changes in atmospheric conditions from day to night, and from day to day, at frequent intervals, seem to be most stimulating. Thus the concept is reached of an ideal climate, based on certain elements of temperature, seasonal changes and storminess. Human energy, then, is subject to variation, and these variations are to a large extent controlled by climate. Encouraged by these results, Professor Huntington plots a map of the distribution of human energy on the basis of climate. The map embraces all the continents.

The next problem is to secure a graduated scale of the

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civilizations of the world. This is achieved by means of a questionnaire containing a list of one hundred and eighty-five regions to be classified according to the degree of their civilization. Fifty contributory answers are received from correspondents, representing geographers, anthropologists, globe-trotters, of whom twenty-five are American, seven British, six Teuton, seven Latin, while five are Asiatics. Professor Huntington proceeds to plot a map of the world representing the civilizations of the various regions and based on the opinions of his international collaborators. The two maps, one of energy, the other of civilization, reveal general as well as rather striking special agreements. Human civilizations are distributed as they would be were they based on energy, and were energy based on climate.

A special text increases the verisimilitude of the map. The energy map for the United States is found to agree fairly well with one based on vitality statistics, while the map of civilization for the same region, with the individual states as units, appears in general agreement with one based on educational data.

Here a criticism must be met: How about the great nations that arose in regions where the climate was not stimulating? The answer is based on the theory of "climatic pulsations." The assumption is made that periodic changes of climate, such as were associated with the coming and going of the several glacial periods, have also occurred within historic times. Professor Huntington plots a curve of such changes based on an analysis of the architectural remains of the civilizations of western Asia. Here, however, the data are lacking for a chronological interpretation. To supply the need careful measurements are taken of the yearly rings of growth on the trunks of several hundred California sequoia trees. Many of these prove over 2,000, some even over 3,000 years old. The size of the rings varies with climatic conditions. A curve is plotted representing the fluctuations in the sizes of the rings, and it is found that the curve agrees in a general way with the one standing for the climatic pulsations in western Asia.

A final hypothesis follows, advanced somewhat tentatively, to account for the variations in climate. It is known that the multiplication of sun-spots recurs in cycles of eleven years' duration. It is accompanied by an increased number of cyclonic storms. A curve representing fluctuations in sun-spots between the years 1750 and 1910 suggests that the minor eleven-year cycles are included in major cycles of one hundred years' duration, more or less. The assumption is that as the minor cycles are correlated with climatic changes, so are also the hundred-year cycles, and the still greater hypothetical cycles synchronous with the climatic pulsations referred to before.

A rapid final survey leads to the conclusion that "favorable [climatic] conditions appear to have prevailed in each of the great countries of the past at the time when it made its most rapid progress."

While this work is principally concerned with the effects of climate, Professor Huntington is fully cognizant of the existence and importance of other factors, such as race—the significance of which is probably exaggerated by the author—historic facts, and the presence or absence of special cultural features. There is certainly room for criticism of method and assumptions, though not in this review. Such criticism is excluded without regret, however, for Professor Huntington has succeeded in that hardest of tasks confronting the speculative scientist: the task of stimulating the imagination, while remaining within the bounds of credibility. For this the author deserves our respect and admiration.

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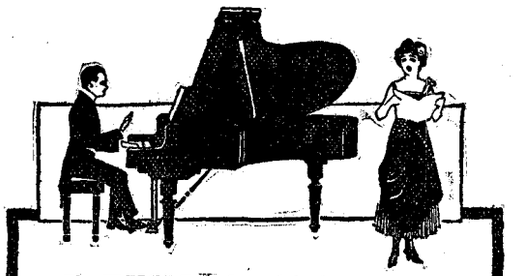

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